

The Sketch.



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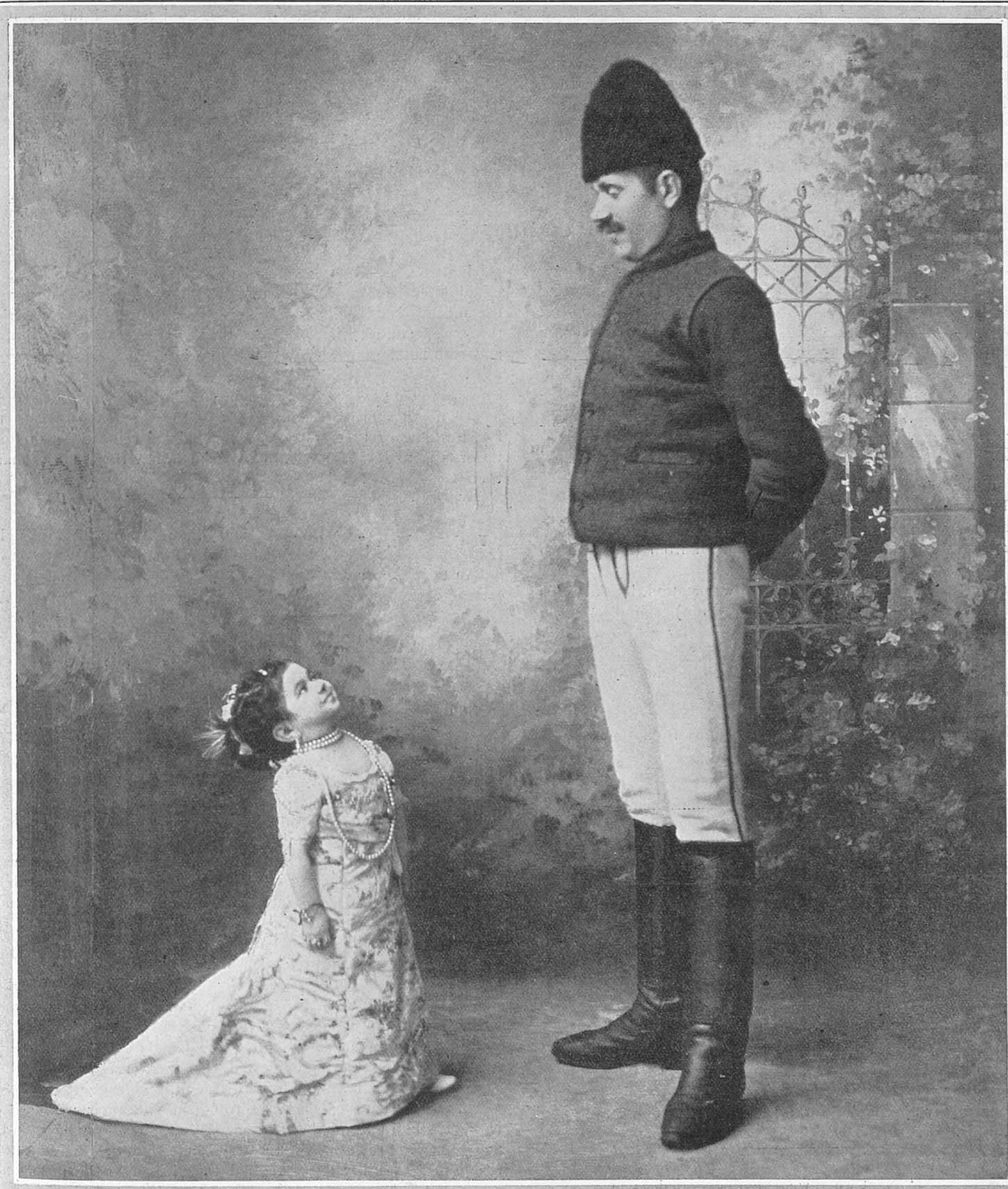
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The Sketch

No. 971.—Vol. LXXV.

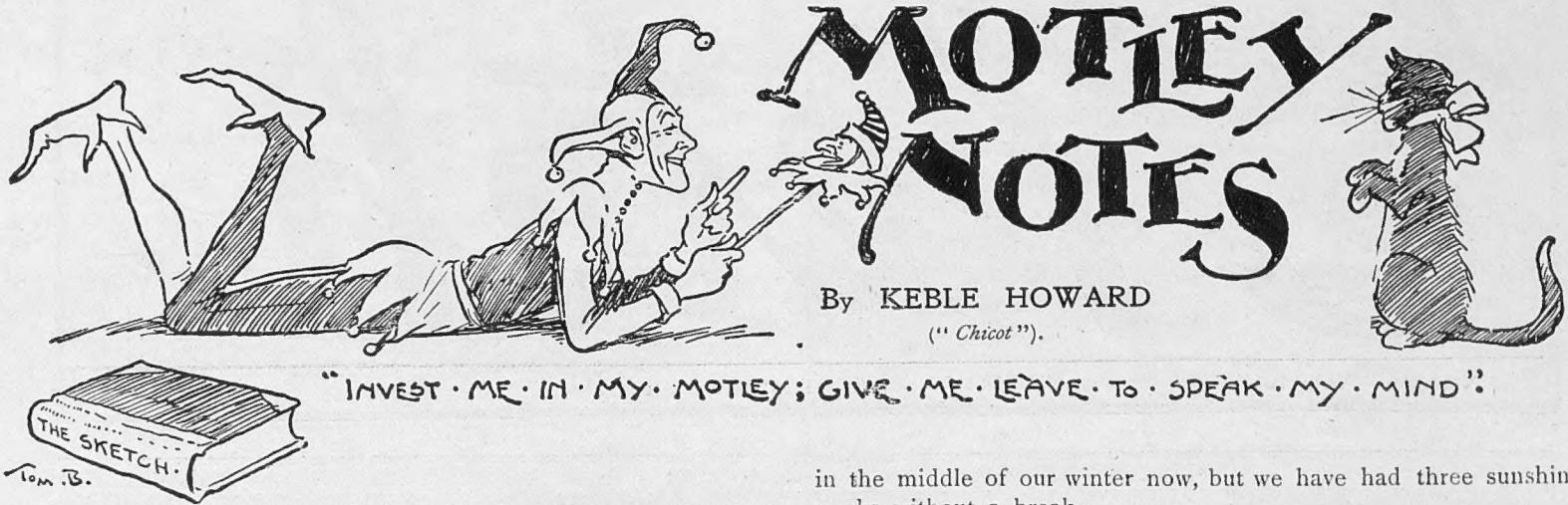
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1911.

SIXPENCE.



BROTHER AND SISTER: HERR IGNATZ ZACHOWLY AND "Mlle. ANITA"—A STUDY IN FAMILY UNLIKENESS.

Herr Ignatz Zachowly arrived in England not long ago to visit his sister, "Mlle. Anita," who is here shown with him. The little lady, who is described as a living doll, is only twenty-six inches in height, while her brother is over six feet—truly a remarkable case of family unlikeness.



The Real "Down Under."

The Colonial mail has this week brought me two very interesting packages—one from Australia and the other from South Africa. The Australian package is a long letter, and I shall make no apology for quoting freely from it, because I think the writer, quite unconsciously, gives a wonderfully vivid picture of life on an Australian sheep-farm. That constitutes the charm of these letters from the furthest corners of our Empire—they are written with a flowing pen and a full heart, but without any straining after effect. The result is what Fleet Street calls "real stuff." "Real stuff" in Fleet Street brings gold to the shareholders, artistic pride to the Editor, a flick of animation to the compositor, and, one always hopes, a pleasant half-hour to the reader. With this tiny preface, I plunge straightway into the life of my distant relative, who lives with her husband at "Bald Hill." The very name is sufficient to paint the scene for you.

Life at "Bald Hill."

starlight night, and a pair of young horses that needed a spin to keep them in hand were shov'd into the colt-breaking buggy, and we were back in a little more than an hour—twelve miles, six each way, and a bit of news gleaned from the township to boot.

"The said township consists of a railway-station, blacksmith's shop, District Hall, hotel (like an English inn), school-house, a couple of stores, and nine or ten cottages. To get to a larger township we have to drive sixteen miles.

"We are driving there to-morrow to see a sheep-dog trial, and have entered Darkie, one of our kelpies. They have to muster, draft, and yard, and there are prizes. Some of the dogs are so clever that they can draft out the lambs from the ewes."

The Home Described.

"We have such a snug, comfy home—nothing grand; we do not go in for drawing-rooms, as a rule, on the Australian runs. A comfortable sitting-room, with lots of books and papers and some easy-chairs, satisfies us, and we always have a spare room ready for anyone who may turn up.

"Our nearest neighbour is three miles away. I cycled there for afternoon tea to-day, and got back in time to set dinner going. Maids here are the most independent creatures in the Continent. The girl I now have gets fifteen shillings a week, and a 'rouse-about' to do odd jobs for her. She coolly told me on her arrival that she did not make herself responsible for the cooking. Of course, we had paid all her travelling expenses from Adelaide; but I am so glad to have help that I take it all happily, and hope for something better when the thousand emigrant girls land. I have already sent in my application for a 'general' to the Government Labour Bureau."

Tally Ho!

"Next week we spend a few days at another homestead fifty miles south. We shall drive to K—, put up there for the night, and go on the next day. It is rather heavy on the horses for one day. The men have been busy lamb-tailing—otherwise we should have got away earlier. We are

in the middle of our winter now, but we have had three sunshiny weeks without a break.

"The foxes are bad this year, and have done lots of damage amongst the lambs. Last night, when the man was harnessing, one of them 'whoo-whoo'd' along the foot of the orchard. They have a shorter yap than the native dogs. For these fox-pests the country has to thank some Englishmen who brought them out for sport years ago."

The Sheep-Farm Girl.

"Some girls who live twelve miles from us are simply wonderful with stock; they even take sheep to the sale-yards. When we were driving to K— one day we saw Miss B— galloping from side to side of a big mob of merinos, and cracking a stock-whip with the finish of a boundary rider—no dog to help her. There are three girls, and their Dad calls them 'Mick,' 'Pat,' and 'Jock,' and says he does not know what he would do without his 'boys' in these days of scarcity of labour. If he cannot get men, they are every bit as good or even better to him. Their aunt, Lady S—, is awfully proud of them, and has them staying at her town house whenever there is anything jolly going on in Adelaide, and never fails to let people know how splendidly they help to manage their father's station."

"The Blue Dome." "Life here is so different from life in England. Lovely and historical as the Old Country is, to an Australian born and bred it is jail. We do not mind spending a time there, but we must get back to the Blue Dome."

Is not that a letter worth printing, friend the reader? I wonder if I shall get into trouble for taking so great a liberty! If I do, I shall plead our need of enlightenment on the subject of life in the Colonies.

A Bulky Weekly. My other package is a copy of the *Cape Argus Weekly Edition*. This is a little trifle of thirty-two close-printed pages, with illustrations, a serial story, fashion-plates, motoring notes, political cartoons, a London letter, theatrical notes, a Children's Corner, and an illustrated Football Supplement on "surface" paper.

I find an interesting letter from a railway-passenger with a grievance. Whilst making his way down the train in search of a friend, he came to a car labelled "Reserved." Obviously, it was necessary to pass through the corridor of the reserved car to reach his friend. What happened?

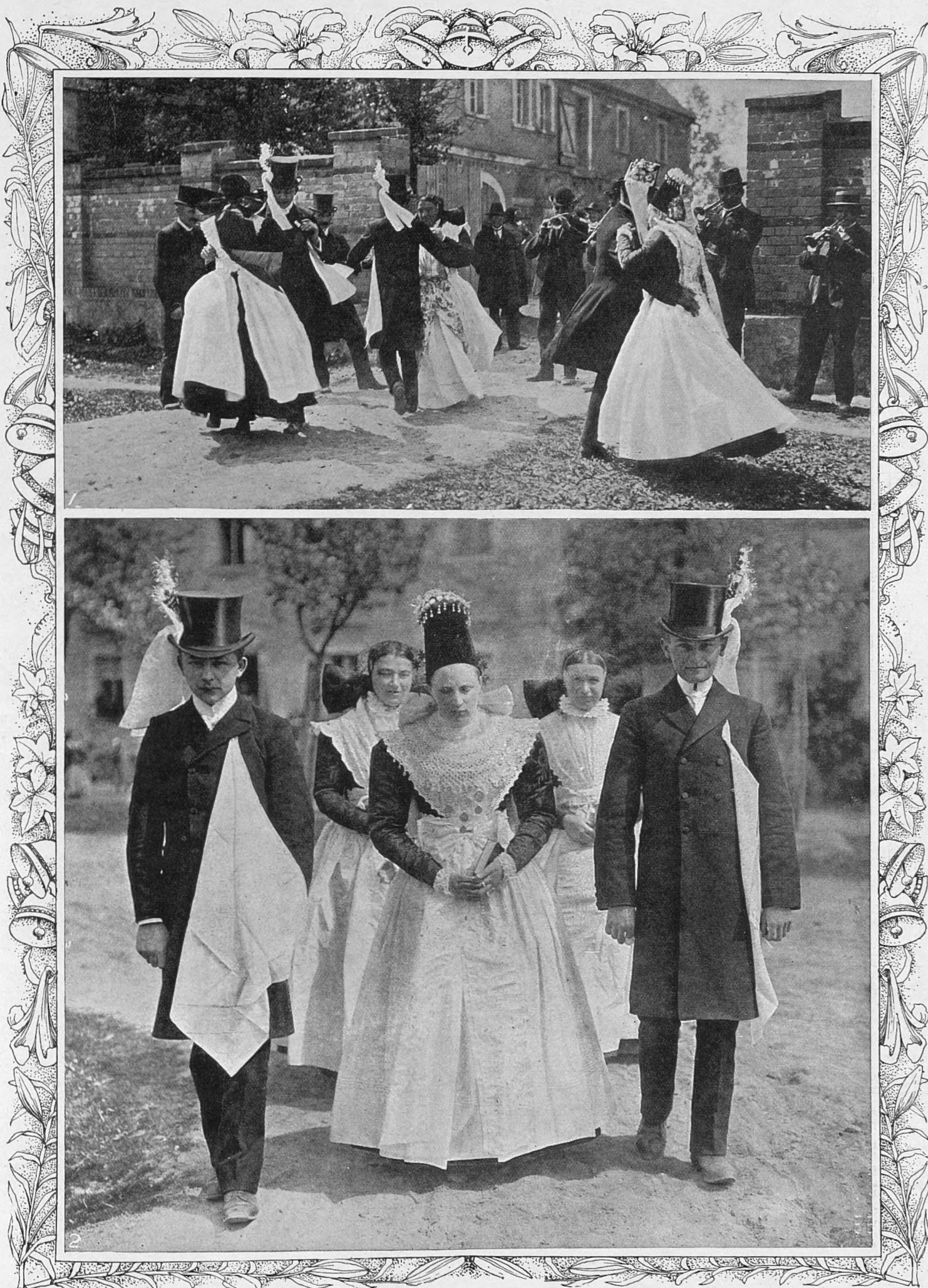
"Here, to my surprise, I was met by a gentleman of short stature, who inquired sharply, 'What do you want here?' I told him that I simply wished to gain one of the rear carriages, and at that moment another person, presumably his secretary, emerged from a compartment, and together the two laid hands on me with the object of forcibly removing me from their car."

"Naturally, I resented this treatment, and suggested that they might at least have expected me to fall in with their wishes if they had acted in a reasonable manner. I then turned my back on them and returned to my own car, where I reported the incident to the conductor, who brusquely replied that I had no business on the reserved car."

The Editor's reply is guarded; but, for myself, I am quite in sympathy with this traveller. In the Old Country, however old-fashioned we may be, it is strictly against the rules for short-statured autocrats to hold up trains—from the inside.

COW-HOUSE FOR THE BRIDE: STABLES FOR THE BRIDEGROOM.

A WEDDING IN WENDLAND: QUAIN MARRIAGE CUSTOMS IN A HANOVERIAN VILLAGE.



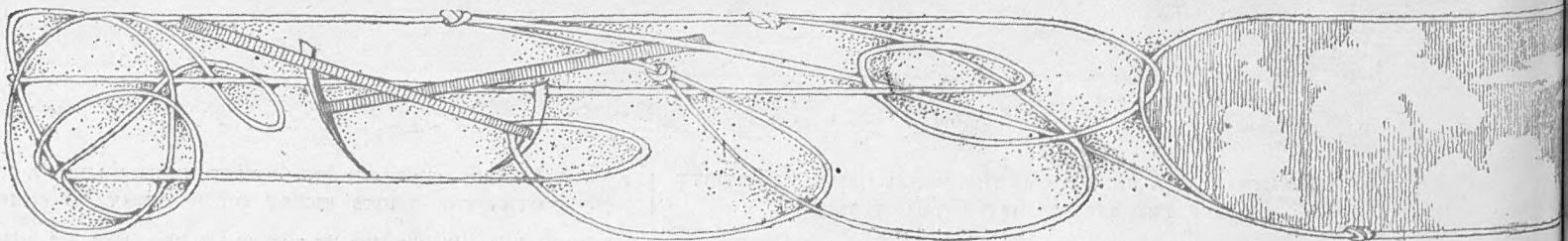
1. A FARMYARD AS A BALL-ROOM: THE BRIDAL DANCE, "ZWEITRITT AUF DER STELLE," AFTER THE WEDDING.

2. WITH WHITE COCKADE AND "BUTTONHOLE" LIKE A TABLE-CLOTH: THE BRIDE'S ESCORT ON HER WAY TO CHURCH.

A village wedding in Wendland — a district in the province of Hanover — is a very picturesque affair. Directly after the marriage has taken place, the bridal party dances in the farmstead to an old-fashioned wedding tune called "Zweitritt auf der Stelle." Then the bride goes into the cow-house and the bridgroom into the stables, after which they make a tour round the cattle generally, in order to bring a bridal blessing on themselves. The bride then dispenses beer to all the guests standing round, serving it out of a new milk-pan. To English eyes, the costume of the men rather resembles that of an undertaker.—[Photograph by Scherl.]

THE ASCENT OF WOMAN: "THE CLIMBER"—NOT BY E. F. BENSON.

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LADY MOUNTAINEERS.





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 2. MISS ANNIE PECK. 5. MLL. MARVINGT. 8. MISS DORA KEEN. 11. MME. CATHERINE BROSKE. 14. MME. PAUL FRANTZ NAMUR.
 3. MLL. ROSE FRIEDMAN. 6. MLL. ELEONORE HASENCLEVER. 9. MLL. MARGUERITE GRÖSSE. 12. MME. LA GÉNÉRALE VON REPERT. 15. MLL. LÉONTINE RICHARD.
 There is no sphere of sport, in its more serious and perilous aspects, in which women have more distinguished themselves than in mountaineering. Women, in fact, seem to have an aptitude for climbing, not only in a social sense, as exemplified in Mr. E. F. Benson's novel, "The Climber," but in the actual and literal meaning of the word. In the above picture are seen, on an imaginary peak, fifteen of the most famous women climbers in the world, from Mrs. Bullock Workman, who holds the record for altitude, at the top, downward in the order of the heights they have severally attained. On another page will be found an article giving further details of some of their exploits.

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LITTLEHAMPTON BOGNOR PORTSMOUTH SOUTHSEA ISLE OF WIGHT	Trains leave Victoria 8.55, 10.25, 11.35 a.m., 1.35, 3.55, 4.55, 6.15 and 7.20 p.m.; London Bridge 10.25, 11.35 a.m., 1.50, 4.0, 4.50, and 7.18 p.m. Week-days. † Not to Isle of Wight.

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September 6, 1911.

Signature.....

FAMOUS WOMEN CLIMBERS.

(See Illustrations.)

OF the distinguished women climbers who appear in our double-page illustration in this number, the famous American traveller, Mrs. Bullock Workman, holds the world's record for women in altitude by her ascent of one of the Nun Kun peaks—23,300 feet—in the Himalayas in 1906. With her husband, Dr. W. Hunter Workman, she has made many other ascents, in the Himalayas and other ranges, of almost equal magnitude. Miss Annie Peck, another American Alpinist, runs her countrywoman close by her Himalayan exploits. Among other feats she made the first ascent of Huarascan, a height of about 21,800 feet. Several Frenchwomen have achieved fame in mountaineering. Mlle. Marvingt, of Nancy, has done many fine climbs, her greatest exploit being the crossing of the Grands Charmoz and the ascent of the Grépon in one expedition lasting eighteen hours, with the guides Edward and Gustave Payot. Only on two other occasions has this feat been accomplished, and never before by a woman, for the Grépon has the grim reputation of being one of the most difficult and dangerous peaks in Europe. Mme. P. F. Namur, who is the daughter of the eminent French savant, M. G. Vallot, has twice ascended Mont Blanc, and Mlle. Léontine Richard, of Paris, is another daring French mountaineer. One of the leading British women climbers is Mrs. Aubrey le Blond, President of the Ladies' Alpine Circle, and author of much literature on her favourite sport. She is an Irishwoman, the only child of the late Sir St. Vincent Whitshed, Bt., of County Wicklow, and she has been thrice married, her first husband having been the famous Colonel Fred Burnaby. New Zealand has produced a daring woman climber in Miss Constance Barnicoat, who a few months ago married M. Julien Grande, a well-known Swiss alpinist, with whom she had achieved the perilous ascent of the Grand Schreckhorn—the "pic du terreur" of the Bernese Oberland.

The pioneer of women climbers was Mlle. d'Augeville, who ascended Mont Blanc nearly a hundred years ago. Other famous grimpeuses were the sisters Pigeon, who negotiated the terrible Sesia Joch. Honour is also due to Mme. Paillon, who climbed Mont Blanc in a snowstorm at the age of sixty-one, and even in her seventy-sixth year was making difficult climbs near Grenoble. Her footsteps are worthily followed by her daughter, Mlle. Marie Paillon.

TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.—The Editor will be glad to consider Photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

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Nickel Coinage. One pleasure there is in crossing from German to Belgian territory, and that is that the Belgian nickel halfpennies and pennies and twopence-halfpennies have round holes in the centre, and one can tell at once by the feel a franc-piece from a large nickel coin; whereas, in Germany, at night, one has to peer hard at each coin to see that one has been given the right change. The temptation to German waiters, when a customer is in a hurry or is with ladies, to slip a nickel coin amongst the marks when giving change for a gold piece is very often too much for their honesty.



A FETISH AS A FIGURE-HEAD :
AN ANTELOPE'S HORNS ON
THE PROW OF A UGANDA
CANOE.

The natives of Uganda generally fasten to the prow of a canoe, as a fetish or a figure-head, the horns of a Kob or some other kind of antelope.—[Photograph by W. B. Jackson.]

shilling; but I have never heard any reason why pennies should be bronze and not nickel—of course, with holes in them.

Brussels. Brussels I used to know very well as a small boy, for one of my grandmothers lived there, and I was generally sent over to Belgium to spend my Easter holidays, in order that I might improve my French. Needless to say, nearly all the Belgians with whom I was brought into contact insisted on talking English to me, either to show their proficiency in the language or to improve themselves in it. In the old town, I used to know every street, and can still find my way about in it without being obliged to ask questions or to consult a map; but Brussels, after living a cramped existence for many hundreds of years, has in comparatively late times spread out in a wonderful manner, and the Avenue Louise—a long boulevard on the heights

Boulogne. The Bois de Cambre is more like the wooded portion of Richmond Park than like any other park I can think of.

The Restaurants of Brussels. Whoever the writer was who first described Brussels as a "little Paris," he really went wide of the mark, except as regards size, for Brussels is a city of work and Paris is a city of play, and the habits of the inhabitants of the two cities are quite different. Brussels has one opera-house, and its theatres can be counted on the fingers of one hand and its music-halls on the fingers of the other. There are cafés in abundance, but very few restaurants. A Belgian dines at home in preference to going to a restaurant, whereas a Parisian is always delighted to find an excuse for dining away from his *appartement*. Until some of the newer Brussels hotels opened their



THE SIAMESE IDEA OF STREET-DECORATION: A TRIUMPHAL ARCH IN BANGKOK, FORMED OF A FINE PAIR OF "SIAMESE TWINS."

As the photograph shows, the Siamese have a very picturesque notion of street-decoration on processional occasions. The triumphal arch has a barbaric splendour much more striking than the sort of thing we put up in London.

restaurants to the public and made entrances from the street into the dining-rooms, the only public restaurants were one or two near the Opera, a group of tiny eating-houses in the streets leading out of the big square, and another group in the Rue Grétry, near the markets and not far from the Bourse. The business men of Brussels and its sporting community keep the restaurants alive.

But the little restaurants in the *La Faile Déchirée*, Rue des Harengs and the Rue Pain et Chair—two tiny streets, just broad enough for a pair of wheels to go through, which go out of the Square—are exceptionally good. They occupy the ground-floor of very old houses with doorsteps gables; and there is not one of them, except the Filet de Boeuf, which can seat more than thirty people at a time. The Filet de Boeuf occupies the lower rooms of two of these dolls'-houses, which accounts for it being able to accommodate quite a number of guests. The restaurants are most of them named after some article of food. There is the Gigot de Mouton, and next door to it the Epaule de Mouton. In another part of the town is the Filet de Sole. The most celebrated of the restaurants in the Rue des Harengs is L'Etoile, but that only shows a doorway to the public, a doorway which takes up part of the narrow front of another restaurant. No one of these tiny restaurants is cheap. They are all *à la carte* dining places, and all rather expensive. The *Faile Déchirée*, in the Rue Pain et

Chair, is to me the most attractive of these restaurants. It is the smallest of them all, and its dining-room is so narrow that it holds only one row of tiny tables. It remains very much as it must have been in mediæval days. An old dim lantern juts out over the street, and one can easily touch the ceiling of the room with one's hand. It has a celebrity for its fish dishes.



UN-GILBERTIAN GILBERTIANS: PACIFIC ISLANDERS WHO WEAR MORE THAN A FEATHER HERE AND THERE.

This group of natives of the Gilbert Islands, attired for a festive dance in a somewhat prickly-looking costume, do not bear out the description of the South Sea Islanders in the late Sir W. S. Gilbert's "Bab Ballad" about Bishop Q., of Wangal. Except for "A feather here, a feather there," he wrote, "The South Pacific negroes wear Their native nothingness."—[Photograph by O. Bainbridge.]

leading to the Bois de Cambre—is a fine new thoroughfare. It has double avenues of beautiful chestnut-trees, most of them now as brown as though the time of the year were late autumn; and if the houses on either side cannot compare at all with the fine buildings of the Avenue des Champs Elysées, the Brussels Bois is more rustic and has finer woods and older trees than the French Bois de



LORD and Lady Leith of Fyvie have no intention of attending the Delhi Durbar, or of going to India this autumn. They are not the first to have been hustled, without authority, into the lists of those called to the Durbar. There is nothing to connect Lord or Lady Leith of Fyvie with Delhi, save their loyalty to King George, and that is so well known already that there is no need for them to travel to the East to demonstrate it. Fyvie Castle (Aberdeenshire), Cowes, London, and New York make a sufficient round for Lord Leith, and the same itinerary, with her native St. Louis, Mo., thrown in, suffices for his wife.

The Linguist. Nor is it quite true that "fashionable London is learning Hindustani." To go to that trouble before a visit to Delhi would be like learning Arabic before setting out for Cairo and Shepheard's Hotel. Hindustani, moreover, is a big undertaking unless strictly of the "pidgin" variety. There are other, easier, languages; there is Pictish, for instance. A boy, visited by his mother at college, was asked what studies he had elected to take up. "Pictish, for one," he answered. "Why Pictish?" "Only five words of it remain," said he.

A Boom in Bloomsbury. One of the holiday sights of London is the personal conducting of natives and foreigners round the British Museum by an



THE YOUNGEST INDIAN PRINCESS WHO HAS COME ON A VISIT TO ENGLAND : PRINCESS AMRET KAUR OF NABHA.

The little Princess hails from Nabha, a State in the Punjab, with an area of about 928 square miles and a population of some 300,000. The Rajah of Nabha, who was born in 1843, is an honorary colonel in the British Army, and served in the last Afghan War. [Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.]

official guide. The tall gentleman with greying hair and a clear voice is the cynosure of all eyes; the marbles and mummies themselves are hardly so interesting, for here is something quite new, a pioneer. As it happens, many people at a loss, in a deserted town, for more frivolous recreations, have lately visited the British Museum, and the guide can already write down several great personages as his pupils. But, as a rule, the Museum throng is strangely undistinguished. It is said that you can watch among the antiquities of Egypt for a month without encountering a Member of Parliament, a Bishop, a Royal Academician, or the eldest son of a peer. Your dentist may be found taking a holiday among the ivories and goldwork, and Sir Herbert Beerbohm-Tree has been seen studying the expressions of the Roman emperors, but who has ever observed Lord Lansdowne or Mrs. Hall-Walker walking among the nation's treasures? And nobody this summer can have pleaded, as Lady Londonderry did when Haydon asked her to visit the Elgin statuary, then newly brought to London: "It is too cold for marble this morning; wait for a warmer day."

Moans for Mona. Paris, too, is deserted; but at the Louvre, as at the British Museum, there has been an influx of visitors. As many Parisians in a week have visited the place where "Mona Lisa" used to be as visited her in a month when she was "at home." "It is melancholy," said one sentimental after paying tribute to her memory; "melancholy as when you leave cards at a house where the mistress lies dead." The Duchess de



THE IRISH WIFE OF A WELL-KNOWN LANCASHIRE BARONET : LADY HUNTINGTON.

By an unfortunate error we described the portrait of Lady Huntington, published in our Issue of August 16, as that of the widow of the first baronet. The present Lady Huntington, of whom we now give another photograph, married Sir Charles Huntington, third Baronet, of Astley Bank, Darwen, in 1909. She was Miss Delia Dorothy O'Sullivan, and is a daughter of the late Mr. Daniel O'Sullivan, of The Grange, Killarney.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

Rohan hastened to the Louvre, not to weep over the departed, but "to see the Rubenses again before they are stolen." At the same time she found herself writing poetry about Paris in August, emptier than she had ever before seen it. Her verses, two books of which have been published, are well known; and her museum of dolls, dressed in the costumes of all ages, including some borrowed from Rubens and Leonardo, is famous.

Popular Aspirations. Everybody has been at Harrogate, and an English water is again as popular as were English waters in the untravelled days of our forefathers. Princess Victoria spent three weeks at Cathcart House, with Miss Blanche Lascelles, an imminent bride, for her charming companion. Mrs. J. J. Astor, Lord and Lady Newborough, Mrs. Blundell Leigh, Lord Derby (since a member of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon's royal party), Lord and Lady O'Brien, and hundreds more have been drinking—everybody, in fact, save a certain Member of Parliament, who was rather cruelly dragged in there by an opponent. Speaking on a measure that seemed to him too good to be carried by the other party, he "protested emphatically against the Government harroging to themselves the interests of the lower classes," etc. An allusion to him as the "Member for Harrogate" has always made him shy of the word, even in the presence only of an invisible booking-clerk.



DAUGHTER OF THE MARQUESS OF ORMONDE, AND WIFE OF A DISTINGUISHED GENERAL : LADY BEATRICE POLE-CAREW.

Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew is the elder of the two daughters of the Marquess and Marchioness of Ormonde. Her mother, formerly Lady Elizabeth Harriet Grosvenor, is a daughter of the first Duke of Westminster. Lady Beatrice was born in 1876, and her marriage to Lieutenant-General Sir Reginald Pole-Carew took place in 1901. Their homes are at Antony, Torpoint, Cornwall, and Shanbally Castle, Co. Tipperary. [Photograph by Lallie Charles.]

EARNING 1S. 9D. A DAY: THE PRINCE OF WALES AS A "MIDDY."



TAUGHT "TO OBEY IN SILENCE AND AT A RUN"; THE HEIR TO THE THRONE, WHO IS SUBJECT TO GUN-ROOM DISCIPLINE, ON BOARD HIS SHIP, H.M.S. "HINDUSTAN."

This photograph of the Prince of Wales may perhaps be described as the first "studio" portrait of him (the "studio" in this case being the deck of his ship) taken since he was gazetted as a midshipman to H.M.S. "Hindustan" last month, though he has, of course, been the subject of various snapshots in the meantime. The Prince, it is said, thoroughly enjoys his life as a "middy," and is extremely popular. He is treated much as the others, being subject to the usual gun-room discipline, one requirement of which is for a junior officer "to obey in silence and at a run." The Prince's pay is at the ordinary rate of 1s. 9d. a day. His work includes the supervision of a gun, gunnery and torpedo drill, taking part in a watch, and the writing of his daily log. It is generally assumed that the Prince's naval career will not last more than a few months, and that he will then be transferred to the Army. It is interesting to note that the Captain of the "Hindustan" is not only the Prince's captain, but also his officially appointed governor.—[Photograph by Dinham, Torquay.]

CUFF COMMENTS

By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

AMODERATE beauty bill for a man comes to some £200 a year, and if he is dark and wants to get rid of the blue on his chin he may spend another £50 or £100 on electrolysis and other operations. As the doctors tell us that we are rapidly becoming an ugly race, these heroes deserve the greatest credit for thus suffering to raise the standard of beauty.



Here is our dear old friend the Spanish Prisoner with his hidden treasure turning up again. It is marvellous how he manages to charm that hidden treasure out of the pockets of his dupes.

The Kaiser has put down his mailed boot. He has decided that for the future no member of the Hohenzollern family will be allowed to finance a theatrical production. He does not mean to run the risk of having a musical-comedy daughter-in-law.

Science has now said its nastiest about the Thames water. It has been discovered that typhoid bacilli will not live in it. Can it be as bad as all that? Where's the whisky?

Dark-haired maidens are complaining seriously that the heroines of modern fiction always have either pale-gold or red-gold hair. That is because, while melodrama is written by fair-haired men, modern fiction is written by men with black hair. If there is any wobbling over the pale-or-red-gold hair, it shows that the author is bald.

Judge Lumley Smith has decided that a man who breaks his leg by slipping on a piece of banana-skin only runs an ordinary risk which might happen to anyone who crosses a street. The banana-skin joke is enshrined too deeply in the great heart of the public for it to be rendered illegal without a struggle.

ANOTHER DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

(The *Daily Mail* says that a young couple have set apart Thursdays for quarrelling and telling one another home truths, on condition that they are scrupulously polite to one another during the rest of the week.)

George and Hilda set apart Thursday in each week For unburdening the heart, Squabbling, so to speak. He told her the rotten things She had said or done, She replied with verbal stings, Usually she won.

All went well for many days, Thursdays cleared the air; Neither had contrived to raise The opponent's hair. Till one day she blamed his putts; He, infuriated, Swore she could not drive for nuts; Now they're separated.

Ordinary milk contains about three million germs per cubic centimetre, but after being exposed to heat it may contain as many as two hundred million germs in the same confined space. There cannot be much room for the milk.



A confirmed grumbler is very bitter at having to pay a penny for the privilege of sitting in a municipal chair at his favourite seaside resort. But he is not obliged to sit in a chair. If the municipality took him by the scruff of the neck and made him hire a chair, it would be different. Still, we may come to that in time, if the plague of useless officials goes on increasing as rapidly as it has of late.



Nobody seems to have recognised the simple truth about the disappearance of La Gioconda from the Louvre. She merely vanished quite slowly, like the Cheshire Cat, as is proved by the fact that the grin has remained some time after the rest of her had gone.

THE GIOCONDA GRIN.

("The latest craze among women is the Gioconda grin."—*Evening News*)

Historians say that the origin Of Mona Lisa's Gioconda grin Was hearing a clown play the mandolin While her picture was painted by L. da Vin. It may be so, but the yarn they spin To modern ears sounds a trifle thin; But the theft from the Louvre has brought it in.

So every girlie wrinkles the skin That should lie smooth round her mouth and chin, In the hope that she may acquire the twin, Or, at any rate, something nearly akin, To that mediaeval Gioconda grin. The theft was bad, but the greater sin Was to introduce the Gioconda grin.

According to the *Daily Telegraph*, the House of Commons drank over nine thousand bottles of champagne last session, besides many dozens of other wines. They evidently had a good old democratic thirst on them, and no doubt they will do even better next session with more money to spend.

Girls are very vocal just now with their complaints about freckles. The wise virgins call them "sun-kisses," and say no more about them.

Mr. Thorne Baker is replacing latchkeys by tunes. He has invented a lock which will open when the right tune is whistled to it. This will add a new difficulty to the return of the Reveller, who, if he forgets the Open Sesame which unfastens his door, will more than ever be forced to spend a chilly night on the doorstep.

Camomiles are more than double the price that they were last year. We know that bacon has gone up, and have tried to bear it, but camomiles! By the way, what are camomiles, and what are they used for?

In America it was once said, "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." But now the Health Department of Chicago, in the person of Dr. Caroline Hedger, is inaugurating a crusade against the practice of rocking the baby to sleep. Here is a chance for a new sentimental ballad, "Mother, don't rock me to sleep."





OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



THE FOOTBALLER — AN AMERICAN IDEAL AND A BRITISH ACTUALITY: A STATUE IN THE GROUNDS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

The statue, as the inscription states, is a "prize for superiority in football won by the University of California." It is remarkable that the costume does not include the fearsome shin and nose guards and elbow and knee pads in which the American footballer usually arrays himself. The sculptor's ideal football garb is much the same as that of a British "footer" man.

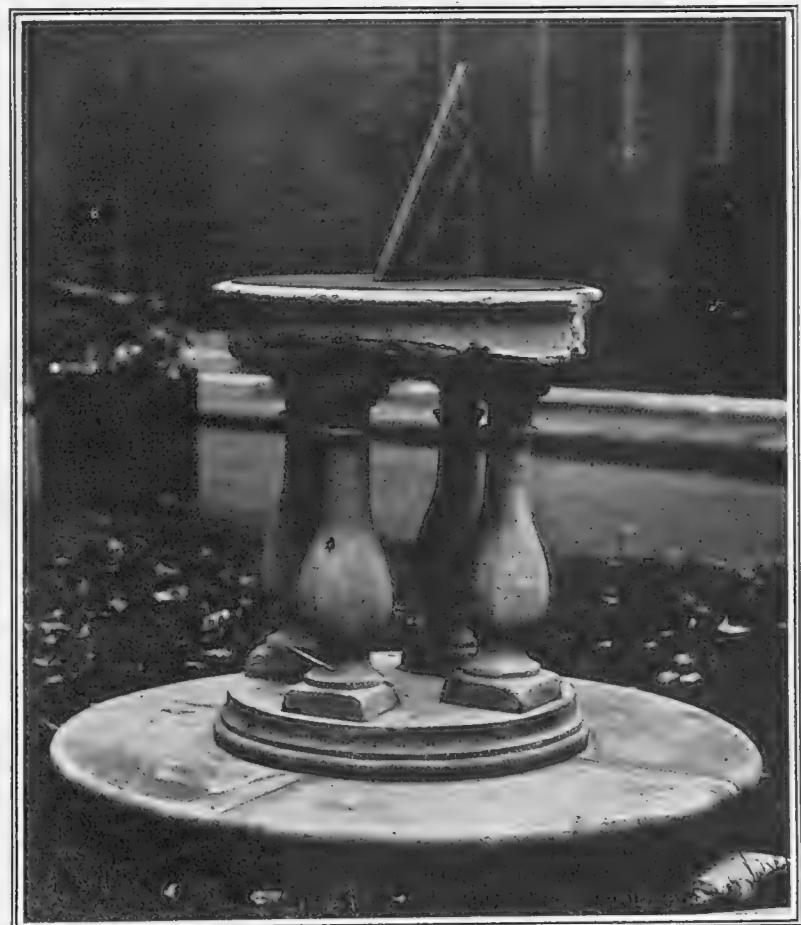
Photograph by Fleet Agency.



A GOBLIN GAMBLE: A CURIOSITY IN GARDEN SCULPTURE.

This remarkable piece of ornamental stonework, which represents four gnomes, or goblins, playing a game of cards, is in a garden at Ingateshore. No doubt, the game which the four little pixy men are playing is whist, for bridge, we take it, was not in fashion in the days of the gnomes.

Photograph by Charles J. L. Clarke.



PREDECESSOR OF ST. PAUL'S CLOCK BEFORE THE DAYS OF GREENWICH TIME: SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN'S SUNDIAL FOUND IN A LUMBER-ROOM AND RE-ERECTED OUTSIDE THE CATHEDRAL.

The bronze sundial made by Wren for St. Paul's Cathedral was recently discovered in a lumber-room, and has now been re-erected on a pedestal formed from an old balustrade on the lawn in front of the Canons' residence at Amen Court. Wren placed the dial in the south-west, or clock tower, where a clock was afterwards substituted. For many years the dial lay hidden in the crypt of the Cathedral.

Photograph by General Press Photo.



"The Concert." The new season has begun, but not yet with a rush. It began at the Duke of York's, hopefully. True, "The Concert" is not a native play, but there is much in it that is worth seeing, and much that suggests (if that is any consolation) what a very excellent play it must have been in the original German before it took its voyage to America and its voyage back again to London. Not having seen it in the land where it was born, I cannot say that its travels have done it harm; but I suspect, and the suspicion is probably justified. German writers have a way of putting philosophy into their farces, and making them such genuine studies of character that "farce," though a true word, is an unkind word to use. Possibly, "The Concert" was originally all pure comedy, but I doubt it. Herman Bahr's hero, the great musical genius, Gabor Arany, is a real man, an arrant philanderer, but a creature of his surroundings and a product of the artistic temperament. Commonplace husbands in commonplace farces stray from virtue for the clear purpose of making funny situations; he strays because he must. It is in him: and though the resulting situation happens to be pretty much the same as in any of the many farces modelled upon "Divorçons," one forgives the imitation for the sake of the man.

The Story. Arany, the Master, practises (the piano is his instrument), and his pupils—all ladies—worship in awe and silence outside the closed door. He looks young, but a little colouring is occasionally necessary for his hair. His pupils (all most wonderfully dressed) and his secretary (less attractive) are lovesick, and do not hesitate to show it. In fact, secretaries are seldom allowed to remain for more than a few weeks. His wife looks on calmly, thinking and feeling, but understanding that geniuses are difficult persons to manage. We hear about it all later in the play. For a great pianist, feminine worship is essential. Lose the women and you lose all; and as the women insist on making love, what is a poor genius with a faithful wife to do? As he explains, there is no conversational opening for him which does not lead to fatal results—the usual result being a sudden visit to a country bungalow on important business connected with a concert at a private house. Helen, the wife, knows exactly what this "concert" means: he lies helplessly, but he knows she knows. He is just an irresponsible child, and she forgives, because, whatever may happen, he must come back to her. On the particular occasion in question the "concert" is a Mrs. Flora Dallas, who has a quiet and determined young husband. Arany has flown again, when Dallas, having been warned, turns up and arranges with Helen that they shall go in pursuit, and pretend to offer the sinners their freedom. When the pursuers arrive at the bungalow, the purely farcical element takes command. Flora has already begun to discover that the Master in private life is a troublesome person. He is extravagantly cautious about draughts and damp grass, and does not conceal the fact that he is her music-master. There is the usual business about hiding in the bedroom; the usual business of the husband handing his wife over to the lover, and the wife and lover finding they are not so pleased about it as they expected to be; to which is added their

disgust at finding Dallas and Helen welcoming the opportunity to retaliate. Helen, of course, explains to Flora all that a musical genius requires of a wife in the way of attention, the chief difficulty

at the moment being that she must not, however hungry, have her breakfast without him. Arany and Dallas discover each other to be excellent good fellows; and, of course, Flora is driven back to Dallas in horror at the prospect before her; and Arany seeks consolation in a full confession of his weakness and the causes of it, and once again Helen understands and forgives.

The Acting. Obviously, it is probable that even the German author did not keep this play on the plane of comedy, among the things that living people might reasonably be expected to do. Such things as the business of the hungry girl wanting her breakfast and seizing opportunities to peel a banana were put in to make a laugh, and in Mr. David Belasco's American version the play is a curious and not altogether satisfactory mixture. But the funny parts are often very funny, and the rest is often delightful, so that there is no serious reason for complaint. That Mr. Ainley is not the ideal foreign genius and does not quite express all the wild nature of the man or his humour is not surprising; but his performance was singularly able, and showed that he is avoiding the danger of becoming a player of one part only. Miss Irene Vanbrugh's Helen was very tactful, very good-humoured, and very charming; Mr. Charles Bryant, as Dallas, was amusing; and a brilliant little sketch of an old servant was contributed by Mr. G. W. Anson.



THE HECATE OF "MACBETH,"
AT HIS MAJESTY'S: MISS EVA
BALFOUR.

Photograph by Topical.

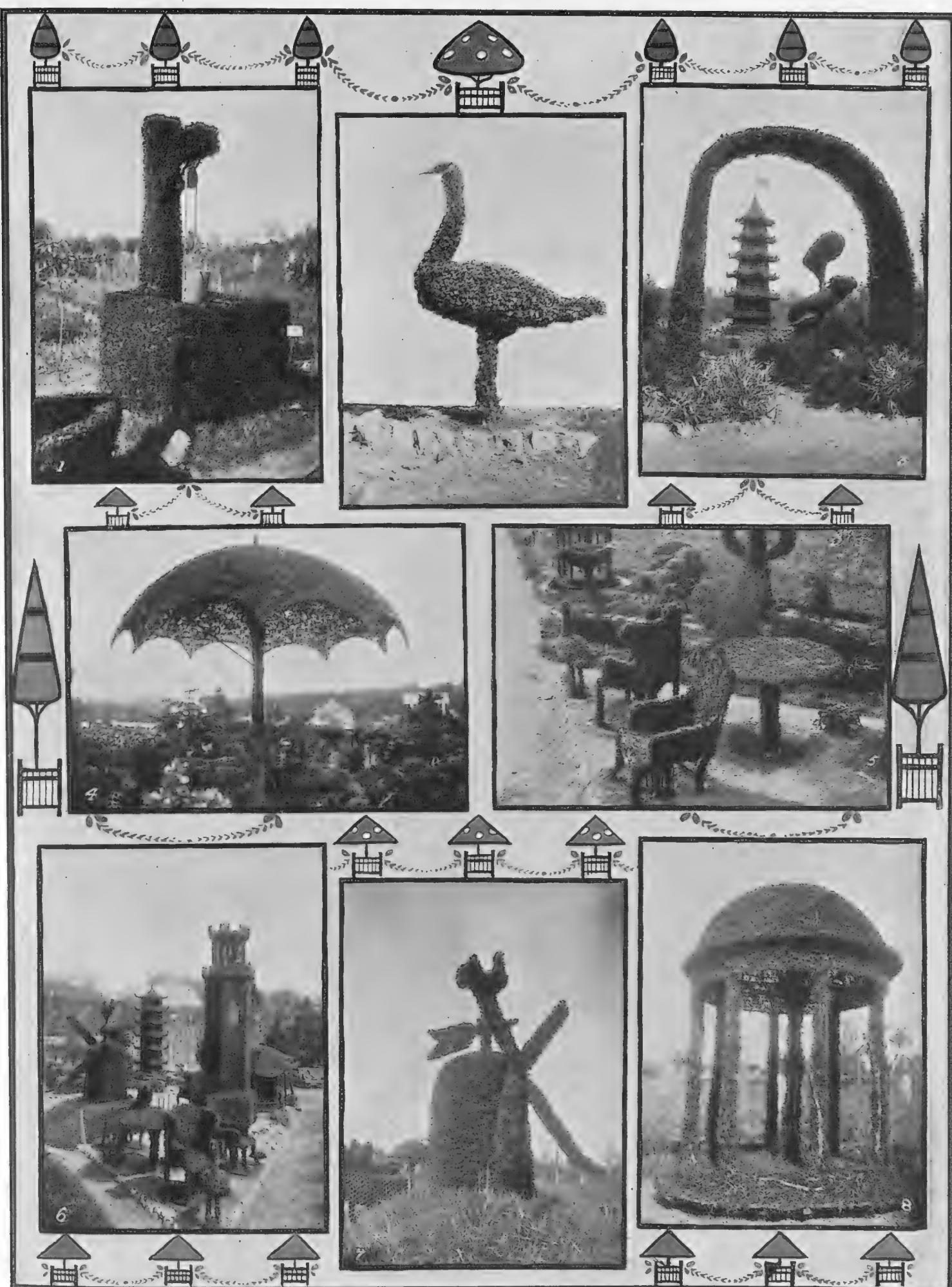


"AND NOW ABOUT THE CAULDRON SING, LIKE ELVES
AND FAIRIES IN A RING, ENCHANTING ALL THAT
YOU PUT IN": MISS EVA BALFOUR, WHO IS PLAYING
HECATE IN "MACBETH," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Miss Balfour, it may be remarked, does not make her first appearance at His Majesty's on the present occasion. She is a New Zealander.—[Photograph by Topical.]

The Follies. At the Apollo, the Follies have been putting more plays, and producing some original plays of their own. The imitation of a Grand Guignol tragedy was, perhaps, the best of the group: the winner of the second prize in an Italian lottery gives a great supper, and dies of heart disease when a messenger runs all the way from Rome to announce that there has been a mistake. The mistake really was that the prize won was the first, not the second; but the good news came too late, except for the doctor (Mr. Lewis Sydney), who had taken everything from his patient's pockets, including the winning ticket. There were two or three extremely funny character-sketches in this; and "Kismet," with Mr. Pélassier as Cadj the Beggar, had several delightful moments. "Baby Mine" suffered from extravagance, and was hardly as entertaining as the farce it parodied; and the parody of an Ibsen, Shaw, or Barker play was too crude to be effective. All these things suffer from the fact that Mr. Lewis Sydney and Mr. Pélassier—particularly Mr. Pélassier—have not enough to do. But the first part of the programme was particularly good, being graced by a Spanish national quartet which was up to the Follies' very highest standard. Mr. Sydney told stories, and Mr. Morries Harvey imitated actors, as usual with great effect; and though Miss Gwennie Mars is no longer there, and there is nobody to equal her, the newcomer, Miss Fay Compton, sang sweetly (as, indeed, did Miss Muriel George, Miss Effie Cook, and Miss Ethel Allandale), and entertained us hugely with some clever parodies.

TOPIARY INGENUITY: NATURE TRIMMED TO MAN'S FANCY.



1. A WELL.

2. AN OSTRICH.

3. AN ARCH AND A TOWER.

4. AN UMBRELLA.

5. CHAIRS AND TABLES.

6. A PAGODA.

7. A WINDMILL.

8. THE "LOVE'S TEMPLE" AT VERSAILLES.

These very excellent examples of topiary ingenuity owe their being to M. Moser, the well-known horticulturist, whose house is near Versailles, and form a collection which is probably unique. The fantastic forms have been years in the growing—in cases, from fifteen to twenty—and need, of course, constant attention that they may not get out of shape in Nature's anxiety to add to their stature and restore them to their primitive shagginess.

Photographs by Delius.

CROWNS·CORONETS·COURTIERS

SIR ERNEST CASSEL, who has just given Grafton House for the purposes of a Newmarket memorial to Edward VII., was the best man in the world to put the scheme into effect. An old friend of the late King's, he never for a moment hesitated as to the propriety of the memorial. Perhaps he does not read his Lord Chesterfield, or, if he does, he knows that the nobleman's views were never in the running with the King's. According to the terms of Chesterfield's will, if his godson "resided one night at Newmarket, that famous seminary of iniquity and ill-manners, during the course of the races, etc., he, my said godson, shall forfeit and pay out of my estate the sum of five thousand pounds to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster."

Another of Chesterfield's whims condemns a place almost as much approved, nowadays, as Newmarket. He directed

ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN GEORGE NEVILLE MACKIE: MISS CONSTANCE OKE.

Miss Oke is the youngest daughter of Mr. Alfred W. Oke, of 32, Denmark Villas, Hove, and Orielton, Highfield, near Southampton. Captain Mackie, who is in the 54th Sikhs F.F., is the second son of Colonel W. Mackie, J.P., of Alverstoke, Hants.

Photograph by Val L'Estrange.

his godson to go to France and Germany, but "by no means into Italy, which I look upon to be the foul sink of illiberal manners and vices." Another opinion, and one that does not keep anybody from the grouse-moors, was that a gentleman might eat as much game as he likes, but should himself never kill any.

Under Observation. Lord and Lady Maidstone are taking a holiday with Mrs. Drexel near Hindhead. "But only

for a month," adds the social writer, careful for Lord Maidstone's business fame. At the end of that period, he, with Lady Maidstone, will set up house at 19, Grosvenor Street, whence he will follow his career at the Stock Exchange "in all seriousness." It is the sort of announcement that binds him down: all Grosvenor Street will expect him to be up betimes and regular in making his start for the City. The number of times it has been said that Lord Maidstone is to attend to his duties "in all seriousness" is past counting. Often repeated, it has the sound of "he's a good boy now," or "he's turning over a new



A PRINCESS AS A FLOWER-GIRL: PRINCESS LOUISE OF THURN AND TAXIS AT LONDESBOUROUGH LODGE BAZAAR.

Princess Louise of Thurn and Taxis, who was born in 1887, is the only daughter of Prince Francis of Thurn and Taxis, a brother of Prince Albert. The bazaar was held at the Earl and Countess of Londesborough's seat near Scarborough in aid of a local charity.

leaf to-morrow," neither of which meanings is at all apposite to the present case. Lord Maidstone himself may possibly prefer to make his way on the Exchange before having so much said about his presence there — especially while he is among the Surrey hills.

The Duke and Duchess de Vizeu are also taking the holidays of hard-workers. That is to say, they, like their relatives, Lord and Lady Maidstone, are constantly informed that they punctually obey Stock Exchange time-tables, and that their enjoyment of the intervals of business is well earned. One interesting feature of the advent of the young married men at the Stock Exchange is that they all have the same incentive for going there — an American wife. The Duchess de Vizeu was Miss Anita Stewart, Lady Maidstone was Miss Drexel, Lady Acheson was Miss Mildred Carter — indeed, the typical young City man is seldom without an American partner. More important, perhaps, is the guiding financial wisdom of an American father-in-law.

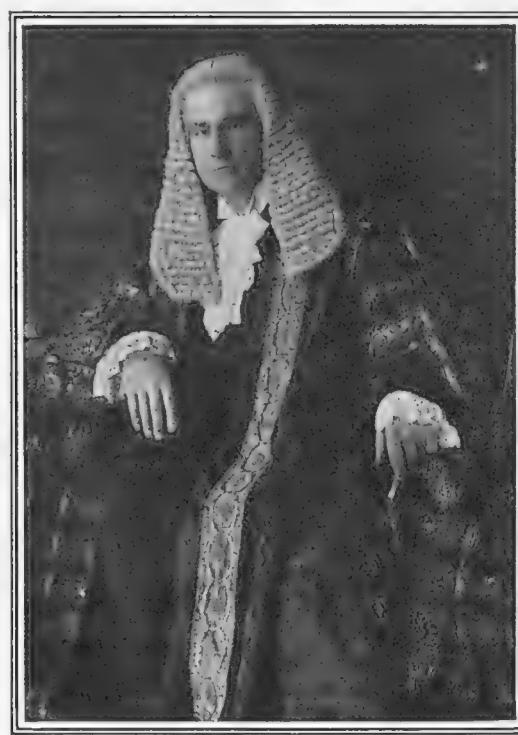
A Month of Marriages. Next month will see London populated and its altars crowded. So many marriages are held up during the unmatrimonial season of grouse and salmon that there will be a little rush for the churches in October. Lady Cicely Browne is to be wedded on the 18th, and, as a contemporary puts it, "as she and her sister are both Roman Catholics, it is more than probable to take place at one of the Roman Catholic churches." Inasmuch as it is a certainty, it may be said to be "more than probable"; but the phrase suggests a doubt that will very much surprise the bride-elect. A Catholic who does not marry in a Catholic church is not, in the eyes of the Church, married at all. One important Catholic marriage of October is that of Viscount Gormanston and Miss Eileen Butler at the Oratory, where the bridesmaids will be Miss Butler's cousins, Miss Alice Butler and Miss Olivia Meynell, and four others.



A WELL KNOWN YORKSHIRE HOSTESS: LADY ST. OSWALD, WIFE OF LORD ST. OSWALD.

Lady St. Oswald was formerly Miss Mabel Susan Forbes, and is a daughter of Sir Charles Forbes, Baronet, of Newe, Aberdeenshire. She married Lord St. Oswald, of Nostell Priory, Wakefield, in 1892, and has four sons and one daughter.

Photograph by Bassano.



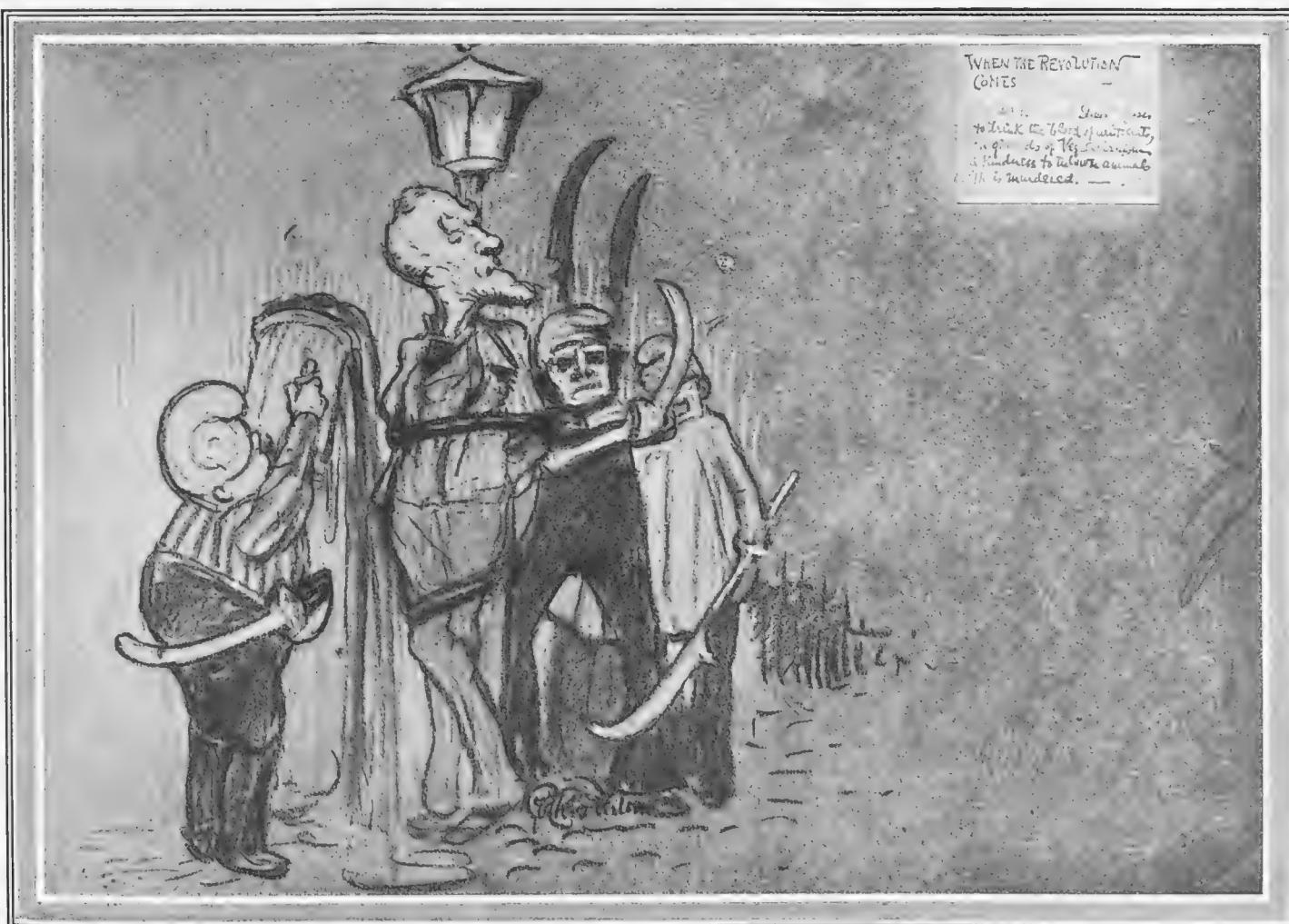
THE PRESIDENT OF THE DIVORCE COURT AND HIS WIFE: SIR SAMUEL EVANS AND LADY EVANS.

Sir Samuel Evans, who became President of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Courts last year, was born in 1859. He was M.P. (Liberal) for Glamorganshire from 1890 to 1910, and during the two last years of that period was Solicitor-General. From 1906 to 1908 he was Recorder of Swansea. His first wife, whom he married in 1887, died in 1889. Lady Evans, whom he married in 1905, is a daughter of the late Mr. Charles Rule, of Cincinnati. —[Photographs by Thomson.]

"WHEN THE REVOLUTION COMES."—BY G. K. CHESTERTON.



"MR. BELLOC IS BURNED FOR ORTHODOXY."



"MR. BERNARD SHAW REFUSES TO DRINK THE BLOOD OF ARISTOCRATS ON GROUNDS OF VEGETARIANISM AND KINDNESS TO THE LOWER ANIMALS, HE IS MURDERED."

We here continue the series of drawings by Mr. G. K. Chesterton which was begun in our Issue of Aug. 23. The last will be given in our next Number.

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MR. ALFRED LESTER.

If ever there was an actor whose destinies were swayed by blind chance, that man is assuredly Mr. Alfred Lester, who holds a unique position among our laughter-makers—a fact he was abundantly demonstrating at the Coliseum last week. Yet the last thing he thought of being was a comedian. Born to the stage in the third generation (for his paternal grandmother was an actress, and his father and mother were both on the stage), Mr. Lester came naturally to the theatre. His father, indeed, had an excellent reputation, for, under the name of "Alfred Leslie," he was the singing comedian at Covent Garden Theatre in the days when entertainments other than grand opera only were given there. Whenever children were required, Mr. Lester was requisitioned for them, and he remembers playing Little Willie, in "East Lynne," at Nottingham, the two leading parts, he believes, being played by no less distinguished actors than Mr. and Mrs. Kendal.

When he was about fourteen Mr. Lester, his parents both being dead, was left to face the world on his own resources. Through the kindness of Sir Charles Wyndham, who had known his father, a place was made for him as a junior clerk in the box-office at the Criterion Theatre, where he remained for some time. When he was farther advanced in his teens the dormant microbe of acting began to develop in his blood, and he left the business side of the theatre for the stage. He tried hard to get an engagement, but not one was forthcoming; then he got taken on a tramp steamer, and worked his way to New York.

When he arrived he went round to several theatres, but was as unsuccessful as he had been in London. With no prospect of an engagement, he decided to return home. He got taken on the same steamer again, and worked his passage back. Then he went into an architect's office, and did whatever other work he could find, until, at length, he secured an engagement in a pantomime at the West London Theatre, off the Edgware Road, at a salary of eighteen shillings a week, to play the Demon King and understudy the Emperor in "Aladdin."

During this period of roughing it he was in time engaged to play in the "fit-up" theatres in Ireland at a salary of twenty shillings a week—which he never got. His salary really amounted to what he could obtain in occasional drafts from the manager. Even in those days he was "always merry and bright," for youth, buoyed up by ambition kept constantly busy, has no time for repining.

From that company he drifted to another, from the second to a third, and so on, living the usual life of the provincial actor. The monotony of this life was relieved by occasional incursions into management, and for a couple of years he had a company of his own.

In the music-hall world Mr. Lester is often spoken of as "the Scene-shifter Comedian." The result is that, for a long time, many people believed—and some of them still believe—he was originally a scene-shifter who was found to have a talent for the stage

be found in the following incident, which shows how chance shaped his destiny.

He had accepted an engagement to stage-manage a musical comedy called "The Officers' Mess." As the duties were onerous he did not play in it. One act represented the back of the stage during a rehearsal, and in order to add verisimilitude to it the manuscript called for the passage of a super to walk across the stage in the guise of a scene-shifter. On the night of the production no one happened to be near, so he decided to do it himself. He therefore took off his coat and walked across the stage. The incident passed quite unnoticed. The next night Mr. Lester thought it would save trouble if he again walked across the stage. He therefore got an old cap out of his basket and put it on, to make his appearance more realistic. As he crossed he murmured a few words, as if talking to someone off the stage. The audience tittered. That set him thinking. The next night he spoke more audibly, and the audience laughed more loudly. Then it occurred to him that the scene-shifter might become an incidental part. He wrote a little scene with one of the actors and introduced it. It went splendidly. The management was delighted, and suggested that Mr. Lester should lengthen the part. In thinking what sort of a part it should be, he remembered a scene-shifter whom he had met, a thoroughgoing Cockney, who was always expounding his views of the way certain parts ought to be played. Mr. Lester determined to take him as his model. Night by night he elaborated that idea, and night by night the part grew in length until the thing which had no existence in the original manuscript became the longest part in the piece.

Eventually, "The Officers' Mess" reached one of the suburban theatres. During the week it played there, the critic of the *Daily Telegraph* went to see it. He was struck with the ability of the lugubrious comedian, and wrote an appreciative comment on his merits. When Mr. Alfred Butt read it, he was so struck that he went to see the performance on the last night of the season. He, too, was so struck that when the curtain fell he sent for Mr. Lester and offered him an engagement, selecting one of the monologues which he thought would go best with his audience. The following Monday he opened at the Palace, and when the curtain fell on his "turn" he was an assured success.

At the Palace Mr. George Edwardes saw him and engaged him for the Lost Policeman in "The New Aladdin" at the Gaiety. From the Gaiety he returned to the variety world, only to go back to the Gaiety to play Sam Nix in "Havana," and after another round of the music-halls he was engaged for "The Arcadians," where he succeeded in adding a new and apparently long-lived catch-phrase to the language.

Much as has been seen of Mr. Lester's art, it has not been completely exploited, for his ambition is to appear in a character which offers opportunities for the display of both strong comedy and pathos, and he is a great believer in the fact that they go hand in hand not merely on the stage but in real life.



IN ONE OF THE MANY COMEDY PARTS HE HAS PLAYED: MR. ALFRED LESTER AS A SAILOR.

Photograph by Russell and Sons.



IN "THE THREE MUSKETEERS": MR. ALFRED LESTER AS CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

Photograph by Seaman and Sons.

by Mr. Alfred Butt, the managing-director of the Palace Theatre, who gave him his first engagement in the variety world. How erroneous is that belief has already been shown, but its origin may



IN "THE SHAUGHRAUN": MR. ALFRED LESTER AS CONN.

Photograph by the Metropole Studios.

A "SKETCH" TRIO.



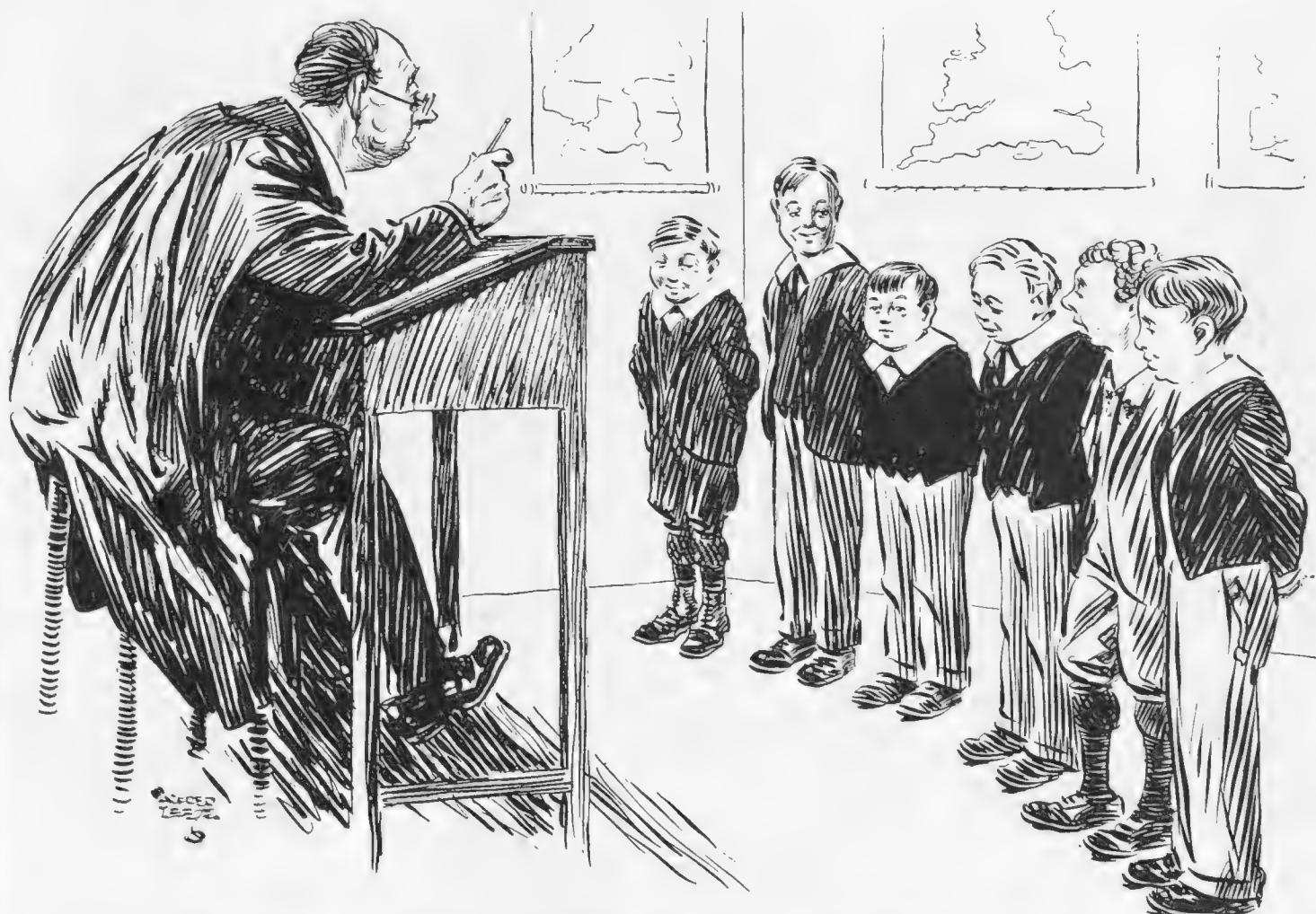
THE SMALL BOY : 'Arf a pound o' yellor soap, please, and muvver says will you please wrap it up in a good love-story.'

DRAWN BY ALBERT BURTON.



THE DISGUSTED ANGLER (*who has fished all the morning without success!*) : Here, hanged if I'll wait on you any longer! Help yourselves!

DRAWN BY ALBERT BURTON.



THE SCHOOLMASTER : Now, how was it that this great discovery made by Columbus was not fully appreciated until many years after his death?
THE UP-TO-DATE SCHOLAR : Because he didn't advertise, Sir.

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.

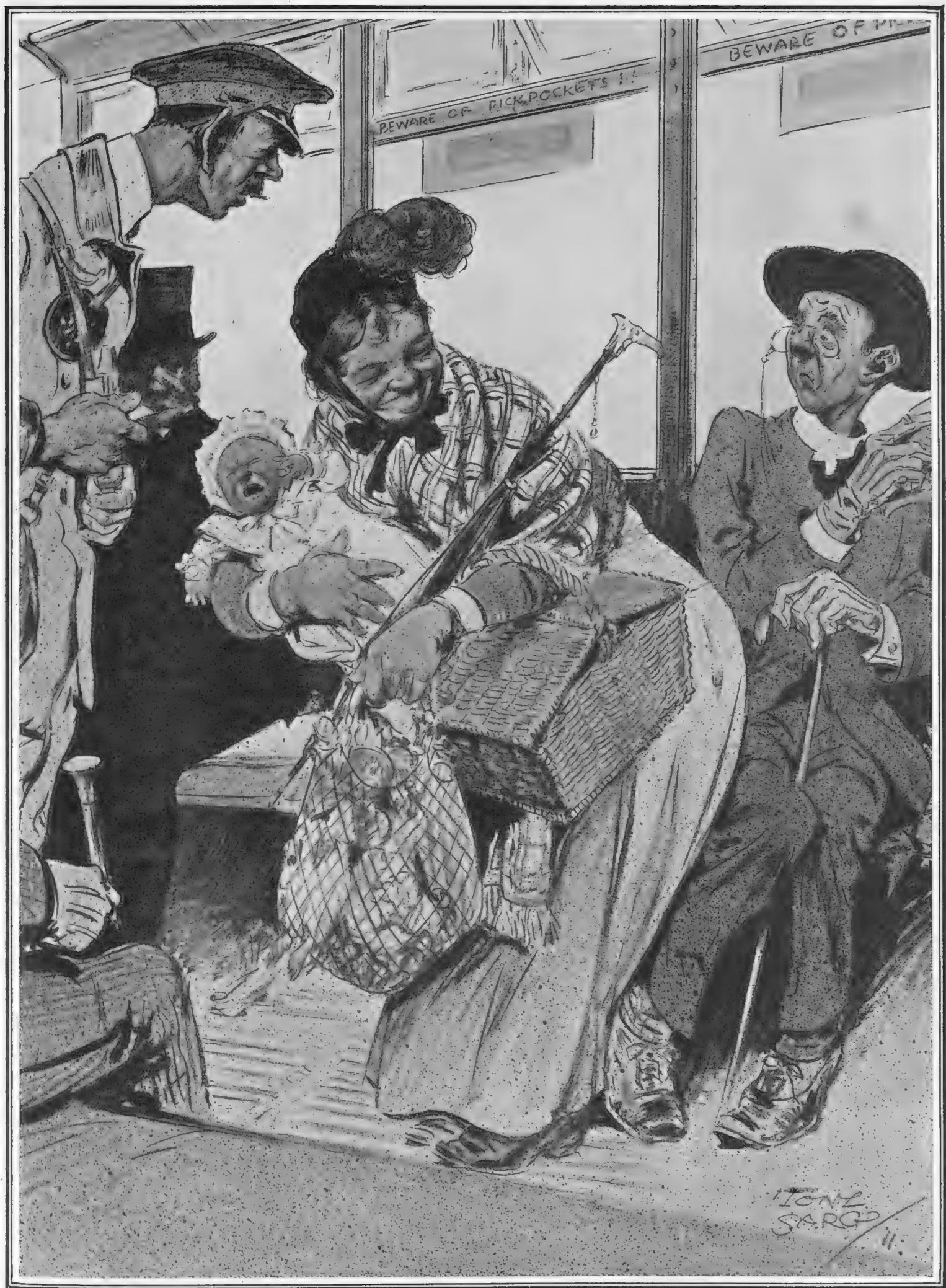
The Poetic Dog! No. V.—A Pekingese Puppy.

FROM THE PAINTING BY MAUD EARL.



"MY FIRST DAWN OF LIFE WAS PASSED ALONE WITH WISEST ANCIENT BOOKS."

ALL FARES, PLEASE!



THE HEAVILY BURDENED PARTY (*to the much-embarrassed curate, who feels immediately that he may be suspected of being a pickpocket*): Would you mind takin' the purse out of me pocket?

DRAWN BY TONY SARG.



A SANATORIUM ON THE VELDT.*

THEY were at the top of a gentle slope, so gradual that it had made no break in the flat prospect of ten minutes ago, and before them, and still so far off that it had the appearance of a delicate, elaborate toy, stood the Sanatorium. In that diamond clearness of air, every detail of it was apparent. Its beautiful, serene front, crowned by old Dutch gables mounting in steps to the height of the roof-tree, faced them, frank and fair, over the shadowy reticence of the stone pillared stoep.

"Is that it?" asked Miss Harding. "Where I am going, I mean?"

"Yes," said Paul.

"Well," she said soberly, "it ought to give my lungs a chance."

To this old Dutch house—which, beside a little farm, was the only interruption to "the suave level of miles stretching forth, like a sluggish sea, to the sky-line"—there came in twos and threes the consumptives from England, to mend their broken lungs in the clean air of the South African desert.

Dr. Jakes had visions of what might be while practising at Clapham. He had married and hastened to visualise his dreams by a practice of the highest class in this fine, simple old house which no base use could entirely destroy. "The art of its builders had so fashioned it that it stood on the naked ground like a thing native to it.... They built a house; and of it Dr. Jakes had made a Home." It was at afternoon tea in one of its low rooms with wide, solemn windows that Margaret Harding met its inmates—two men patients and her hosts, the Doctor and his wife. When one looked at Mr. Samson's thin, sophisticated old face "one thought instinctively of exclusive clubs, of fine afternoons in Piccadilly, of the landed interest and the Church of England. One judged that his tailor loved him. He had a cock of the head, with a Homburg hat upon it, and a way of swelling his neck over the edge of his conservative collar, which were the very ensign of gallantry and spirit. It was only when he coughed that the power abandoned him, and it was shocking and pitiful to see the fine flower of gentility rattled like a dice-box in the throes of his malady, and dropped at last against a wall, wheezing and gasping for breath, in the image of a weak and stricken old man. 'Against the ropes,' he would stammer shakily as he gathered himself together again, sniffling into his beautiful handkerchief. 'Got me against the ropes, it did. Damn it—what?'"

The younger man, Ford, explained himself to Margaret. "It was rough," he admitted. "Still, we'll see. They trained me, and there's just a chance, in the event of a row, that they might have a use for me. They'd be short of officers who knew the game. You see"—he hitched sideways on his camp-stool so that he might make himself clear to her—"you see, the business of charging at the head of your men is a thing of the past, pretty nearly. All that gallery play is done away with. But take a hundred

Tommies and walk 'em about for half a year, dry-nurse 'em, keep them fed and healthy, and moderately happy, and as clean as you can; be something between an uncle and a schoolmaster to them, and have 'em ready at the end of it to march forty miles in a day and then fight—that's an art in itself."

Dr. Jakes, whose vision splendid had long faded with a daily soaking in whisky, and poor little Mrs. Jakes, once propertied in Clapham and desperately clutching at her husband's honour and her own gentility, a martyr of extraordinary courage, if no saint, completed Margaret's intimate circle in her exile for health. Dr. Jakes had assured her in a lucid and professional moment that she would get better. But, quite innocently and inadvertently, she roused a passion that nearly ended fatally for at least two of the Doctor's patients. The passion was race hatred. Some twenty-five years previously a Kaffir chief had hung for rebellion; and General Lascelles, who ordered the hanging, protected the one little son left the old man. He carried him out of camp, and eventually to England, where he received a medical education and took his London M.B. He returned to his race in spite of a fat Government appointment, and, dressed in tweeds and talking English, they would none of him. He offended the aloofness of the coloured people, and embarrassed the prejudices of the white. An old story, perhaps, by now, but told by Mr. Gibbon with quite a new and touching aspect.

It was not long before Margaret encountered this sad anomaly, "who wandered in the paths of the Karoo, unaccountable and heartrending, a healer clothed with the flesh and skin of tragedy." She learned to accustom herself to the shock of his blunt negro face and his deliberate, schooled English. Being enthusiastic, an idealist, and a generous young woman, she offered him her friendship, she stretched out her hand as token, and, instead of taking it, "he put his own, large and fine for all the warm black of the back of it—the hand of a physician, refined to nice uses—under hers without clasping it—but kissed it." This little gesture was overseen, and Margaret paid for it in the bitter condemnation of her South African world. Kind,

gallant little Mr. Samson, the dreamy Boer farmer, spiteful Mrs. Jakes, the Kaffir servants, all find a bond here, in their passionate determination to keep a clean, clear line between black and white. As for young Ford, who had been making conditional love to Margaret, it gave him haemorrhage until he got used to it; and no one criticised her attitude more bigotedly than the young black doctor himself, in spite of all his gratitude and cynicism. "It isn't reason, I know," said Ford, discussing the subject. "It isn't human charity; but it is a thing that's rooted in a man, like his natural cowardice and his bodily appetites." This being so, Margaret was but a voice crying in the wilderness of the veldt; though sweet and brave enough to make her prospect of happiness very welcome to all who follow her story.

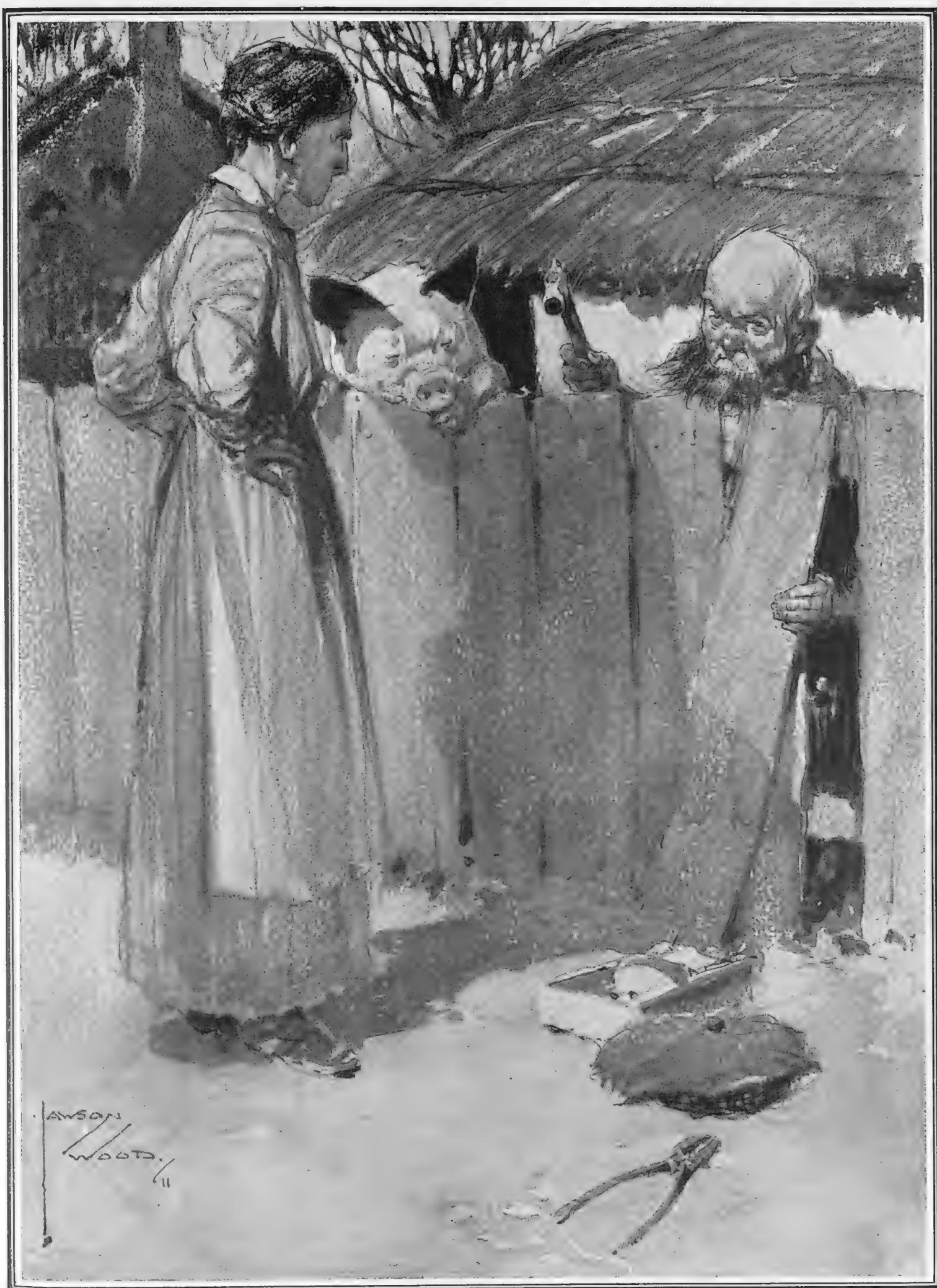


FOLLOWING A HEARSE DECKED WITH A BANNER RECITING THE DECEASED'S HISTORY: WOMEN MOURNERS AT A REMARKABLE FUNERAL IN SAN FRANCISCO'S CHINATOWN.

The Chinese woman whose funeral is here illustrated belonged to numerous friendly societies, and her body was followed by over a hundred women mourners. The banner protruding from the hearse tells the life-story of the deceased.

Photograph by Louis F. Stellman.

SILENT SIN: A SCOTTISH DRAMA.



THE HOUSEWIFE: Man! Man! an' what will the neebours think o' ye makin' sic a clatter wi' yer hammerin'?

HER HUSBAND: Neebours or noo neebours, I maun get t' pigsty mendit.

THE HOUSEWIFE: Aw, Angus, but it's vera wrong to work on the Sawbath—why do ye no use screws?



V.—THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING BRIDE.

I WAS talking to my friend Inspector Chance about the mysterious disappearance of a young lady of high social position, whose friends had been at last compelled to impart their trouble to the Press.

"What do you think is the explanation?" I asked the Inspector. "The usual 'loss of memory,' I suppose?"

The famous detective smiled. "I never came across a case of lost memory myself," he said, "but I once had a mysterious disappearance to investigate."

And then the Inspector told me the story of the "Mystery of the Missing Bride." Here it is, not quite in my friend's words, but the details are exactly as he gave them to me.

It was a foggy November afternoon when the Chief sent for me to his room. I found that he had a visitor with him, a grey-haired, military-looking man of about sixty, who appeared to be in a state of great agitation.

"This is Colonel Grayson," said the Chief.

Then he turned to the Colonel. "You can rely upon Inspector Chance to carry this thing through for you with the discretion that you very naturally desire. Good-afternoon."

The Chief had politely dismissed his visitor.

"You will come to my hotel now," said the Colonel to me. We left the Yard together, and took a hansom. On the way to the Grosvenor Hotel the Colonel told me his story. He was a wealthy man, a widower with an unmarried sister who presided over his establishment.

He had travelled about the Continent a great deal by himself. While staying at the Hotel Beau Rivage, at Ouchy, during the summer, he made the acquaintance of a very charming young lady of about eight-and-twenty, Miss Margery Vandeleur, who was travelling with her French maid.

The Colonel was very much taken by Miss Vandeleur's beauty and her frank, charming manner. He won the young lady's confidence, and she told him that she was an only child; her mother died when she was young; her father, a wealthy American, had lost the bulk of his fortune in a big wheat-gamble; but at his death had left his daughter sufficient to enable her to travel about with a maid and stay at the best hotels without worrying about the expense.

The Colonel fell in love with the American belle. He fell so much in love with her that he asked her to overlook the disparity of their years and become his wife. Eventually she accepted the proposal, and the Colonel arranged that they should return to England.

"It was agreed," said the Colonel, "that we should be married early in November. The marriage took place the day before yesterday. We left Victoria by the afternoon train to cross from Folkestone to Boulogne en route for Paris, where we were due soon after nine.

"There was a sea-fog when we reached Folkestone, and my wife, who told me she was a bad sailor, went at once into the private cabin which I had reserved on board. She asked me to let her stay there alone with her maid, Stéphanie, who had remained in her service and was travelling with us. My wife, in her American way of putting things, said she knew she would be upset, and she did not want me to see her looking 'horrid.'

"Just before we got to Boulogne I went down to the cabin. To my surprise, I found it empty.

"Just as everyone was bustling on deck to get ready to land, Stéphanie came up to me and exclaimed excitedly, 'Oh, Monsieur, I have been looking for you. A quarter of an hour ago Madame sent me to find you. She said she would stay in the cabin until you came.'

"But Madame is not in the cabin!" I exclaimed.

"But I left her there, Monsieur. Her dressing-bag and her jewel-case are there. She will go back for us and we shall find her."

"We went to the cabin again. My wife was not there, neither was the dressing-bag nor the jewel case."

"Oh," I said, interrupting the Colonel. "The jewel-case was gone! Were its contents valuable?"

"Oh, yes, I had given Miss Vandeleur not only some very fine diamonds and pearls as a marriage-gift but most of my late wife's jewellery as well. I told her I would give that to her when she was my wife. When we returned from church I gave the jewellery to her and it was placed in the jewel-case."

"I understand, Colonel. Go on."

"We looked about for my wife in every direction, but in vain. In order to make sure of not missing her in the crowd I rushed on shore directly the gangway was down. The boat was by no means a crowded one, and we watched every soul who passed along the gangway to the shore. My wife was not among them."

"I went back and saw the Captain, and the ship was searched from end to end. In spite of every inquiry that I made I am still without the slightest clue as to her fate."

"And what is your own view, Colonel?" I asked.

"I can only think one thing. She has met with foul play. It was a densely foggy evening, and night had fallen before we reached Boulogne. I believe that my wife, after she had sent the maid for me, grew anxious when I did not return with the girl, and came on deck with her jewel-case and dressing-bag, which she did not like to leave in the cabin. She was attacked, robbed, and flung overboard."

"Did you tell the Captain your idea?"

"Yes. He said he did not believe that such a thing could happen. But my wife was on that ship when it left Folkestone. She was not on that ship when it arrived at Boulogne. That is the mystery I ask Scotland Yard to unravel. What became of my wife between Folkestone and Boulogne?"

I was silent for a moment. Then I asked the Colonel where the maid was, as I should like to ask her a few questions at once.

"She is in the hotel," replied the Colonel. "But, of course, Inspector, you understand that this is a private inquiry? I don't want the newspapers to get hold of the story."

"You may rely on me, Colonel. By-the-bye, was your heavy luggage registered through?"

"Yes. To Paris."

"Have you telegraphed about it, or done anything?"

"No. It will be lying at the station, waiting to be claimed."

"Got the ticket for it that was given to you at Victoria?"

"No. My wife put it in her bag for safety."

"I see. Any name or marks on the trunks?"

"Yes. The baggage was all marked 'M.G.' My name is Mark Grayson. My wife's initials and my own are the same."

"Thank you. Now get the girl here and I will be back in a few minutes."

I went into the railway station, saw the station-master, and got him to wire direct to the officials at the Gare du Nord, "Have you unclaimed baggage marked 'M.G.?"

Then I went back to the hotel and up to the Colonel's sitting-room.

The maid was a dark, good-looking woman of about thirty. She spoke tolerable English, and was very voluble, rather dramatic, and appeared agitated, which was only natural.

"Did Madame send you out of the cabin at all before she told you to go and look for the Colonel?" I asked.

"Non, Monsieur. I was with her all the time. She was a little malade—a headache."

[Continued overleaf.]

Sensations We Particularly Dislike:

Materialised by G. Q. Studdy.



IX.—THE ROLL, BOWL, AND PITCH IN THE BUNK FEELING.

"She told you to go and find the Colonel? Did you see the jewel-case and the dressing-bag in the cabin then?"

"Ah, yes. On the couch, at the feet of Madame."

"And when you went back again and found Madame gone, the case and the bag were gone too?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

I turned to the Colonel. "Have you a portrait of your wife?"

"No. She told me that she had never been photographed. She did not like the idea."

"That's a pity," I said. "A photograph would have been most useful, for it—"

"One moment," cried the Colonel, as if suddenly struck by an idea. "A fortnight ago, in an illustrated paper—I think it was *The Sketch*—there was a portrait of a young lady who had just come out on the concert-platform. The resemblance to my wife was most remarkable. I was struck by it at once, and showed it to Miss Vandeleur. 'My dear, this might be you,' I said.

"You saw the portrait?" he added, turning to the maid.

The maid shook her head. "Ah, Monsieur, it was not like my mistress."

"It was like her," said the Colonel emphatically. "I never saw a more striking resemblance."

Stéphanie shrugged her shoulders. "If Monsieur thinks so," she said.

"Well, Colonel," I interrupted. "The search for Mrs. Grayson must start from where she was last seen. I am going to Boulogne to-night, and if you don't mind I will go alone."

I drove to *The Sketch* office and procured a copy of the paper in which there was a portrait of the young lady who had just made her débüt on the concert-platform.

I tore the page out, folded it, and put it in my pocket-book. Then I drove to Victoria and saw the station-master.

The officers of the Gare du Nord reported that the luggage marked "M. G." had been claimed directly after it had been carried from the train to the Douane.

The mystery had deepened. The bride had not only disappeared, but her trunks and those of the Colonel had been claimed on the arrival of the train that the bride and bridegroom should have travelled by.

At Boulogne I was as unsuccessful in my inquiries as the Colonel had been. I showed the portrait of the lady in the illustrated paper to the stewardess of the boat in which the Colonel and Mrs. Grayson had embarked.

"I cannot say if that is the lady who occupied the cabin," she said, "but it is very like her."

I had one good card in my pack, at any rate; I had a very good likeness to the missing bride.

I went on to Paris, and got rather a vague description of the person who had claimed the luggage and produced the keys and the registration ticket.

He was, as far as my informants could recall, a man of about forty, clean-shaven, pale complexion, and dark eyes. The porter who removed the luggage was found. The baggage had been placed on a private motor-car which was waiting.

I went back to London and saw the Colonel, and told him all I had ascertained. I found him convinced that his wife had been attacked and thrown overboard and murdered in the way he had originally suggested, and that the aggressor, who was probably an international jewel-thief, had followed them from London, gone on board, and watched for his opportunity to get possession of the jewel-case and bag. The thief could then have gone to Paris and claimed the trunks, the contents of which were valuable.

The captain of the ship, who made a report at the request of the Scotland Yard authorities, declared that there was very little possibility of such a crime having been committed.

I continued my inquiries for some little time, but could find nothing that would throw the slightest light upon the mystery, and eventually I had to give up the case, and the papers connected with it were duly pigeon-holed at the Yard.

Mrs. Grayson had vanished between Folkestone and Boulogne on her bridal day, and the only person who could give the clue to the mystery was probably the man who claimed her luggage when the mail from Boulogne arrived in Paris.

Six months after the papers in the Grayson Case had been pigeon-holed, and I had put it down as a mystery never to be solved, my namesake made one of his sudden irruptions into my

professional proceedings. A woman had been found guilty of robbing a man in a very ingenious way, and had been arrested after being identified by five people.

Before she was sentenced evidence was given by the police as to her previous career. She was declared by a police witness to have been previously convicted, and as Mary Lee to have served a sentence in a convict prison.

The case was taken up by the Press as one of mistaken identity. The solicitor who defended the woman had succeeded in interesting a well-known journalist in the case, and had obtained from the Home Office an order for the journalist to see the photograph of Mary Lee in the volume kept at the Convict Office.

I had been concerned, and I took the solicitor and the journalist to the Convict Office.

The book was opened at the proper page, and the photograph of Mary Lee duly shown. After the visitors had left I remained to chat for a moment with the official, and mechanically turned over the pages of the book. There were a good many of my old friends in it whose faces I had not seen for a very long time.

The cry that I suddenly uttered startled my colleague.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "Have you hurt yourself?"

I pointed to the portrait of a convict, one Margaret Fulton, alias the Comtesse de Lisle, alias Mrs. Mortimer Barry, a female swindler.

"Don't you remember the case?" said my colleague. "She was only twenty when she got into our hands, but she had accomplished one or two big coups. She was working with her husband, a clever American jewel-thief, who was known as Peter the Valet."

"Wait a minute!" I cried. "Don't put that book away."

I rushed across to my own department, and I very soon had the Grayson papers out of the pigeon-hole. Taking *The Sketch* portrait with me, I hurried back to the Convict Office.

"Look!" I said to the officer. "That is a picture of Mrs. Colonel Grayson, who disappeared from the Boulogne boat six months ago. Compare it with the photograph of the wife of Peter the Valet."

"They are very much alike," said my colleague.

"Yes, and the curious part about it is this. My portrait is not that of Mrs. Grayson, but of a charming young lady who is now a popular concert artist. It is an accidental resemblance, but a remarkable one."

"This may be accidental, too," suggested my friend.

"It may be. But I don't think it is. At any rate, I am off for the Colonel."

That afternoon I showed the Colonel the picture of Mrs. Mortimer Barry in the "Convict Album." He recognised it at once as that of his missing bride.

"Where is the maid, Stéphanie?" I asked the horrified bridegroom, as he stared at the features of the female swindler in the "Convict Album."

I quite expected the answer. Stéphanie had returned to France, and the Colonel knew nothing of her whereabouts.

The whole thing was as clear as daylight now. Stéphanie, the accomplice of the beautiful Mrs. Mortimer Barry, had carried with her a disguise, a hat and veil and cloak, and possibly a wig, which would have enabled her mistress to emerge from the cabin when no one was about, and make her way on deck, and when the boat came alongside, to pass along the gangway without being recognised even by the husband who was anxiously watching for her.

Peter the Valet probably travelled by the same boat, and conveyed the jewel-case on shore. At any rate, he was on the platform in Paris when his wife arrived, and received from her the keys and the ticket which enabled them to get possession of the "M. G." trunks and all that they contained.

"Peter the Valet," thanks to the attractions and skill of his wife, had succeeded in getting possession of jewellery which the Colonel valued at thirty thousand pounds.

Chance had at last unravelled the Mystery of the Missing Bride, but it has not yet brought her into the hands of the police again. Two years ago "Peter the Valet" was convicted of a robbery on the Nice and Rome Express, and the beautiful Mrs. Mortimer Barry, alias Miss Margery Vandeleur, is at present a grass widow. She will possibly marry some more rich old men and disappear with their jewellery and presents on her bridal day once or twice before Peter comes out.



ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

The Usual Consolation. A friend—Carruthers, we may call him—is off his game, and very seriously this time; all the more so by the circumstance that this is his holiday time. He makes dull company — very wearying. He considers the joys of playing this game of golf to be much exaggerated, and he curls his lip and glances at the foreign intelligence in the morning newspapers when you tell him at the breakfast-table of a good new dodge that you have thought of in the night, such as the likely advantage of addressing the ball with iron clubs rather nearer to the heel, since, when viewing the position of things from aloft, it is really nearer to the toe of the club than it seems to be. There is something in this, and many players have a little tendency to pull in their arms a trifle when using irons, which makes it the less likely that they will take the ball with the middle of the club. Five days ago he had all the enthusiasms: he was driving tremendously—long, low and straight, with the knack of giving to the ball its maximum running power; and his approach shots were as clean and crisp and exact as you might wish to see a champion make them. Now he has all the faults. He might have known. Seventeen rounds in one week will tell their tale in staleness. It is a common holiday disaster, and the moral of it never will be observed. So on the afternoon of yesterday, when he had holed out in seven without a murmur, on the sixth green, he stood for a while and watched the sea come lapping in creamy wavelets almost up to the pretty turf. He said that the sight was glorious, grand, and that we golfers had too dull an eye for the beauties that were spread before us. This is true; but it is accepted that the players of this game only come to a proper appreciation of the charms of Nature when their form is very bad. To the man who is playing well the dullest course is an enchanted fairyland.



PRESIDENT TAFT'S ELDER SON AS GOLFER: MR. ROBERT TAFT PLAYING AT THE MYOPIA CLUB.

Photograph by Atlantic News Service.



A NOTABLE FIGURE OF THE YOUNGER SOCIETY OF BOSTON AND A GOOD GOLFER: MISS ALICE SARGENT.

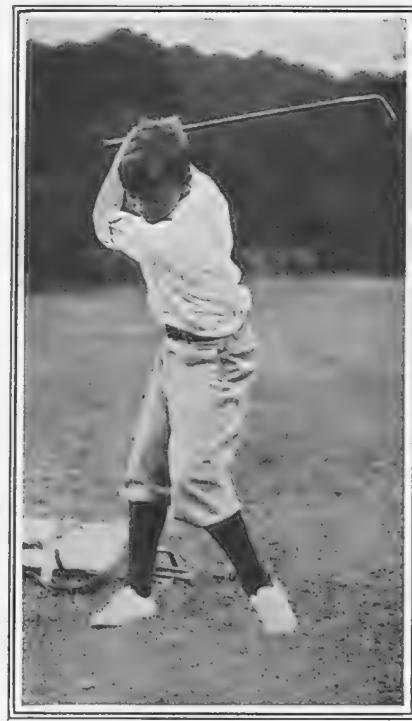
Miss Sargent, daughter of Professor Charles S. Sargent, of Harvard University, is wealthy in her own right and heir to millions. She is the richest woman "skipper" on the Atlantic coast, and sails her own boat in the races off Marblehead. She is also by way of being an excellent golfer, horsewoman, and pedestrian.

Photograph by Atlantic News Service.

Views from Courses. At tea-time he enlarged upon the theme, and really it is true that from the links upon which we all are scattered in this season of the holidays there are some wondrous views to see. This is one of golf's glories. Your cricket grounds and lawn-tennis courts are often enough bordered round by rows of red-brick houses, but not so our seaside and other links. Now think upon some of the magnificent sights of Nature that there are to be seen from the links, the memories of which must surely count for something among the wandering players when the present holiday season is over. Take them haphazard, just as they come

before the vision of the mind. It has always seemed to me that one of the finest sights of the kind is that of Edinburgh and Arthur's Seat, as seen from the public course on the Braid Hills. You get your golf here, and very good golf too, for twopence or threepence a round; and two hours of such air and scenery as are thrown in are worth twenty times the money. Then what a fine panorama is before you as you play over the top of Gullane Hill! There are few to be compared with it; but one which for certain reasons always reminds me of it, the view-point being an eminence to which you must tool your ball, is that from the top of the hill on the course of the Royal Porthcawl Club in South Wales. But there is a difference, for at Porthcawl you look right out on to the broad Atlantic over a wild and rocky coast. But, to go back in fancy to Scotland, what a glorious picture is presented from the top of the Alps or Himalayas at Prestwick when playing an evening round there, and the setting sun has tinted the Isle of Arran in all the most beautiful and delicate shades! For its kind I think that there is no sight that golfers busy with their game can see that is equal to this one. Some way farther south there is Turnberry, and exceedingly fine is the view on that course round about the lighthouse, with the great rock of Ailsa Craig—"craggy ocean pyramid," as Keats, who addressed a sonnet to it, called it—standing a little way out to sea. This is the golfer's companion view to that of the Bass Rock as seen when playing a round at North Berwick.

I do not think that Seen from English Links. the sea-views from our English courses can equal those of Scotland; but there are some delightful little things among them. Even the golfers



PRESIDENT TAFT'S YOUNGER SON AS GOLFER: MASTER CHARLES TAFT PLAYING AT THE MYOPIA CLUB.

Photograph by Atlantic News Service.

FRIVOLITIES

OF PHRYNETTE

THE SILVER COAST AND SOME OF ITS PEOPLE.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London."

FRIVOLITIES, indeed! I never was less frivolous. The sea always makes me feel grave and religious. At L'Amélie, where we are at present, the ocean is all it should be, unoffended by pier, casino, or elegant fools who have the bad taste to be smart near the sea. Fools there may be, but they are healthy, sensible fools, in jerseys and sunburnt skins. The ocean as a background for Paris frocks always shocks me not a little, as would some Greek tragedy played in *tutus*.

L'Amélie is a glory of sweet-scented pines and a small conglomeration of dilapidated bathing-boxes somewhere on the Silver Coast between Soulac—a fashionable resort by comparison—and Montalivet, a wilderness of wooden huts where I have eaten the most delicious pastry. They call it the Silver Coast, and it is so true that you need close your eyes or shelter them behind smoked spectacles when you come to the *plage*. Imagine a long, glittering scimitar on an azure field. This is the coast, backed by sandhills where grow silver grass and thistles of silver and mauve enamel.

TO MARRY MISS VIOLET HELM:
THE REV. HARRY HORTON.
The Rev. Harry Horton, curate of Paignton, is a son of the Rev. Robert Horton, Vicar of Livingston, Herefordshire.
Photograph by Swaine.

It is there that, before anyone is up, Austen and I, barefooted and with our faces against the wind, race each other on the sand, which the sea, on retiring, has licked smooth and hard. At first I beat him—I am lighter, and have a genuine and absurd fear of being caught; then, after a while, his strength and his immense limbs tell. He catches me by the hair, and we both fall, laughing and deliciously exhausted, on a bed of crackling seaweed, frightening legions of little beasties who live by the sea all the year round—the lucky beggars! Later in the morning we have to renounce our paganism for the benefit and edification of the Colonie Scolaire, which forms the best part of L'Amélie's population. The Colonie is composed of poor little schoolchildren of the towns, picked among the most anaemic and rachitic, and sent at the expense of the Government for a stay by the sea. There, during a month, one hundred and fifty little mean souls and mean bodies make provision of beauty and health. Most of them come from ignoble homes and godless class-rooms, and the ocean gives them their first conception of the sublime.

The little children of peasants and fishermen have no such great need of religion as the children of the town proletariat—they have the country and the sea to fill their want of beauty. To the little citizens of to-day no creed is taught, and yet better a false ideal than no ideal at all.

Those among the pupils of the Colonie Scolaire who are strong enough bathe once a day at high tide in pathetic hired costumes of half-forgotten hues, after which they go and take a heat-cure in the pine-forests—the health, the wealth, and the charm of this part of France. Those of you who have motored down the beautiful national Paris-Madrid road may have observed, before getting to Arcachon, a wayside

statue—or a bust, to be precise—erected to a certain Monsieur Chambrelen. I hope you don't know, or don't remember, who Monsieur Chambrelen was, for I insist on telling you. Once upon a time (I can't vouch for the date, but it must have been about eighteen hundred and something, for the statue of the gentleman in question boasts of a generous tie—one of those that wound itself round and round the neck in the most headache, apoplectic, and, in such weather as this, uncomfortable manner) the whole country of the Landes was a waste of bogs and marshes and shifting sands, producing nothing but ferns and briars and yellow furze—a very pretty flora, of course, but hardly remunerative. The sandhills were as restless and unsettled as London flat-dwellers, and just as movable. But one day the worthy Chambrelen and his no less worthy contemporary, Brémontier, had a luminous idea: "How would pines," thought they, "like the soil of the Landes?" And there and then they tried the experiment. For which I am awfully grateful to them. I care not a fig for the

beautiful masts, the pit-props, the telegraph-posts; the turpentine trade leaves me cold, but how I love to see a cone fire! How it crackles and flares up, how, without malice, it ridicules one on the ceiling and on the walls!

Near our house is the gardener's little cottage, where I often go at the hour when the gardener's wife is preparing the last meal of the day. She does all her cooking by a cone fire, while I sit on a low rush-seated chair and listen to her gossip and smell her good ragout. She coaches me as to the country, its people and their *mœurs*, I have no doubt; but she talks mostly in patois—what is not patois is French very effectively disguised under a picturesque accent. I often guess what she says, though I cannot boast of understanding it. She is a true woman of the Silver Coast, without age and almost without sex, shrivelled black, and voluble. She talks with her fingers, her lips, her shoulders, and her neck, like some intoxicated cricket of the hearth. I watch the sunset from her open door until I hear the gong of our own dinner. Then I inhale once more longingly the aroma

of her delicious soup. I do so want some of that soup; it is a mysterious and nondescript soup, the smell of which would drag a saint into temptation on the most strict of Lenten days; but I dare not ask for a plateful of it. What if my aristocratic sister-in-law were to catch me!

"*Adichats, Mademiselle!*" says the woman.

"Not *Mademiselle*, Pelonne—*Madame!*"

"*Eh bé, tê!*" she shrugs, as if to say, "Mighty little difference indeed!" and she stirs the luscious something in the pot with a wooden spoon. Oh, that smell!

"*Bonsoir, Pelonne!*" and I fly from temptation to our orthodox dinner, and my appetite remains in Pelonne's kitchen.



TO MARRY MISS AGATHA FRANCES COLFOX: MR. SPENCER GASKELL KENNARD.

Mr. Kennard is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Adam Kennard, of Belmore, Upham, Hants, late of Crawley Court, Hants.—[Photo. by Val l'Estrange.]



TO MARRY THE REV. HARRY HORTON: MISS VIOLET HELM.
Miss Helm is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Helm, of 21, Brondesbury Park, London, N.W.
Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY MR. RONALD FORBES
MISS ROSITA TORR.

Miss Torr is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Torr, of Morton Hall, near Lincoln. Mr. Ronald Forbes, of the Highland Light Infantry, is the third son of Lieutenant-Colonel J. F. Forbes, of Rothiemay Castle, Banffshire, N.B.

Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY MR. SPENCER GAS-KELL KENNARD: MISS AGATHA FRANCES COLFOX.

Miss Colfox is the younger daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Colfox, of Coneygar, Bridport, Dorset.
Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



THE WHEEL AND THE WING

An Irish Victory. Despite the glorious tradition of the old Gordon-Bennett days, and the hardly less delightful Irish Trials, there is less motoring in the whole of Ireland to-day than in any three of the Home Counties. Why, it would take only too few words to say; over-many to argue the matter out. There it is, although Ireland owns at least one of the finest motor papers in the world. And this being so, all the more reason that Irish motoring should have all possible encouragement rather than hindrance. But the Corporation of Dublin and its ways have long since been reckoned hopeless, past even the understanding of those who, one supposes, vote it into being. For the alleged sake of the jarvey and his outside-car—both of which could flourish quite well without its aid—this delightful Corporation banned the taxicab. Pleased with writing that certificate of its unfitness to exist, the Corporation, to the disgust of all Irishmen who, loving their capital for its old sake, try to live in it, next sent a memorial to the Local Government Board as to “the many accidents caused through reckless motor-driving,” in order to force a speed-limit equal to that of horse-traffic. The subsequent official inquiry showed this to be a misrepresentation as to Dublin motoring, the very contrary being proved by all the evidence. Only the proof, unfortunately, took weeks to establish, and cost the Irish A.C. and the A.A. nearly a thousand pounds in legal costs. Not that one would grudge twice the money to help Irish motoring; but the incident lessens, if not wholly dispels, any belief one may have cherished as to the ultimate possibility of Home Rule.

The Triumphant Two-Wheeler. Recent developments apparently show that we must rearrange our motoring values in an entirely new order. The more nearly commonplace our moderately powered, highly improved cars become the less they can retain of the Corinthian element of sport; although, for the sake of the margin for further improvement that exists—which can be effected in no other way so surely—racing, and circuit-racing at that, must continue. Nevertheless, racing must ever be for the few, on track or circuit. On the other hand, even the cheapest car seldom lies within the means of the average “young man in the blue-serge suit.” Where, then, shall we find the outlet for motor-born enthusiasm, a sentiment cherished by a hundred thousand of such, we may be sure? Not in the aeroplane, for, apart from any question of cost or of opportunity, or even of the risks that are fast decreasing as design improves, or for twenty other reasons; the fact remains that flying is not even every healthy sportsman’s pursuit; any more than yachting is, even on the smallest scale. Airmen may be added to sailing men, but there will always be confirmed landsmen.

Some Reasons Why. The outlet, then, seems convincingly to be afforded by the motor-cycle; as those who saw the last meeting of the British Motor-Cycle Racing Club at Brooklands must feel more than ever assured. Every known record was beaten in every class, a circumstance which makes for sport; for, although amateurs may stand little or no chance with professionals, they are invariably willing to try to beat them. Then, too, one had

only to view the machines at close quarters. All, with scarcely an exception, were such as you might tour on, anywhere, as well as race. And yet in either case—here comes in the Corinthian aspect of the matter—you must needs know all about your machine in all its moods, which is more than half the car-owners know. Think of these motoring facilities, all accomplished by the outlay of fifty pounds only, or less; of hundred-mile runs made possible for half-a-crown! So easily first, it seems, we must rank the motor-cycle for sport and utility in the scheme of things motoring.

On Some Starting-Devices. Although these inventions seemed to die away from their initial promise—they never had an actual vogue—I have noticed distinct signs of their rerudescence since last Olympia.

Show; so much so that one might even speculate on how many we shall see at the next one. The other day, in an American motor paper, I noticed a long illustrated article describing about a dozen of these devices, most of them old ideas under new names. One, under an American name, was identical with that on the Comilleau St. Beuve 1908 model; another was on the Luc-Court edition of the year after; while yet a third began as a creation of Ernest Costantini, the motor-skate man. Most of them worked with the inevitable one or two “strong springs.” That I consider their fatal vice. But so, it will be urged, does one’s watch. True, but the work of pulling over a motor some half-dozen times bears a slightly different relation

from the work of a watch-spring to the factor of metallic fatigue. The utmost work of this kind that a spring may be trusted with is to wind up a free-wheeling ratchet-drum carrying a belt; a device which might well be advantageously applied to aeromotors, to save propeller-twisting at the other end of the crank-shaft. Compressed-air bombs, too, have been tried and found wanting. Actually the most reliable—appearing device I saw—masquerading under an American name—was a combination of a hand-compressor with an auxiliary carburettor, a push-rod actuating pet-cock valves set over valve-caps and pipe-connections.

This simply pumped in a compressed combustible charge into whatsoever cylinders had their valves closed and pistons not too far down, so that they could be started on the switch. Here, again, is an arrangement—only an elaboration of the familiar “motor-dope”—which should be useful to aviators.



THE ROBBING - THE - HEN - ROOST RACE: COMPETITORS IN THE CHICKEN - STEALING EVENT AT LOUGHTON.

A novel feature of the Essex Motor Club's Gymkhana at Loughton was a Chicken-Stealing Competition. The entrants were required to ride once round the track in side-cars, steal a chicken from a run, ride round the track again, and then restore the booty. The photograph shows the ladies who entered (and the chickens).

Photograph by Topical.



FLYING AT THE END OF A STRING: RECRUITS OF THE AERONAUTICAL SQUAD OF THE CALIFORNIA NATIONAL GUARD LEARNING THE RUDIMENTS OF AIRMANSHIP WITH THE AID OF A GLIDER CONTROLLED FROM THE GROUND BY MEANS OF A ROPE.



CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

St. Leger.

A week to-day will be decided the last of the season's classic races. It is an eloquent comment on the change that has come over racing methods that little or no betting has taken place on the St. Leger, and this is the more strange this year because the defection of Sunstar has left the race in a more open condition. While the Derby winner remained in, speculation was impossible; but under the altered conditions, the opportunity arose for plenty. King William has been written up almost as assiduously as a theatrical favourite, and has once or twice shown public evidence that he has been "growing to his frame," as the saying goes. His victory at York told us nothing except that he is well; but it gave us an opportunity of looking at him, and he repaid the trouble. He looks what Mr. G. Lambton has always said—namely, a good horse; and I fancy Lord Derby will win the St. Leger for the second year in succession. If he does, it will be a queer experience, for the house of Stanley had not, previous to Swynford, scored in the great Doncaster race. Mr. J. B. Joel thinks Lycaon quite good enough to win; but on the Dewhurst Plate form last year, when King William, a half-trained baby horse, got off slowly and then beat him, the Wantage horse seems to be held. More to my liking would be Prince Palatine, who may have been doing the work necessary for a race like the St. Leger when the touts were not looking. According to the training-reports, the Prince has done a very slight preparation.

Champagne Stakes. The Champagne Stakes at Doncaster is one of the most important two-year-old races of the season, and one that is generally contested by the best horses of that age. This year will be no exception, for Mr. J. B. Joel intends to start his White Star and Mr. J. Buchanan his Jingling Geordie.

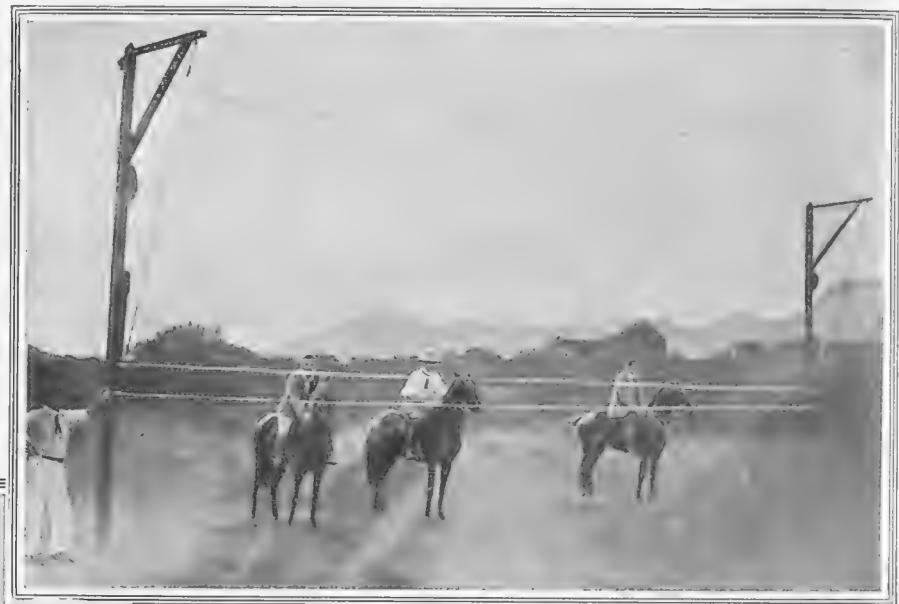


UP-TO-DATE METHODS AT UMTALI: A STARTING-GATE IN SOUTHERN RHODESIA—OFF.
Photographs by A. E. Ambler and J. M. Mein.

Should the Duke of Devonshire's Javelin and Messrs. A. James's Farman and L. Neumann's Jaeger also run, we shall see a really good race. Mr. Carroll's Melody is also engaged, and on her Newmarket running she is not to be despised. Important as are the Champagne Stakes, it is queer that during the last seven or eight years no horse that has subsequently won the Derby has been successful in the race; while, on the other hand, three or four Derby winners had met defeat in it. Last year, for instance, Sunstar was beaten by Pietri and Wrinkler, and in the light of his subsequent career the words "better at five furlongs," which are to be found against his name in one of the Turf guides, look strange. The Derby winner of 1910 also filled third place in the previous year's Champagne Stakes, Lemberg having Neil Gow and Admiral Hawke in front of him. That race was the first of the "excuse" series in which Lemberg took part against Neil Gow. Another Derby winner that occupied the same position in the Champagne Stakes as Sunstar and Lemberg was St. Amant, who was beaten by Pretty Polly and Lancashire. The last Champagne Stakes winner to score in the Derby was Rock Sand, who came ten years after Ladas, the previous one. He in

turn bridged a gap of seven years from Ayrshire. So it will be seen that Derby winners are not frequently successful in this race. Maher holds a remarkable record in connection with the Champagne Stakes, he having finished in the first three every year since 1903, and having won it three times in the last four years, and halved it with Halsey in 1904. His winning mounts were Pietri in 1910, Neil Gow in 1909, Lesbia in 1907, and Verdiana (dead heat with Galangal) in 1904. On the late King's Princesse de Galles he was beaten a short head by Duke Michael in 1908.

Derby and Oaks. His Majesty has entered his horses liberally in the Epsom classic races in 1913, he having named five in the Derby and two in the Oaks. Numerically the entries are well up to average, for though next year's Derby



THE STARTING-GATE IN USE IN SOUTH AFRICA: THE DEVICE FAVOURED BY THE UMTALI SPORTING AND TURF CLUB.

attracted 364 and this year's 374, they were quite abnormal figures, and 328 for 1913 must be deemed eminently satisfactory. Of his Majesty's 1913 Derby quintet, Anmer and Flitcham are, as Mr. Watson tells us, named after partridge beats on the Sandringham Estate. Of the owners who have already won the Derby Mr. J. B. Joel has entered a brother to Sunstar and White Star, and four other Sundridge colts, and one by Bachelor's Button; Mr. Fairie has entered Chaunt by Chaucer—Bona Dea; Mr. Larnach, who won it with Jeddah (one of the greatest surprises ever sprung in connection with the race), has entered three, one of them being by Jeddah; Major Loder has entered, amongst others, a colt by Spearmint—Auspicious; Lord Rosebery named five, including three by Cicero, who won the Derby in 1905; and Mr. L. de Rothschild, whose St. Amant won the famous "thunderstorm" Derby in the previous year, nominates six, one of which claims

that horse as his sire. Eight of the owners that have made nominations for the Oaks have won that race. Mr. Brodrick Cloete, the most recent winner, has entered a half-sister to Mushroom. Mr. J. B. Joel, who has twice won it, has named half-a-dozen, Sundridge, of course, being represented. Major Loder has entered five, and the Duke of Portland two.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

Derby, to-day: Hartington Plate, Election; Friary Nursery, Royal Sym; Byrkley Plate, Sylphide; Breeders' Stakes, Belleisle. Thursday: Devonshire Nursery, Toggery; Breeders' St. Leger, Manwolf; Portland Plate, Noramac; Harrington Plate, Javelin. Friday: Peveril of the Peak Plate, Sunspot; Rangemore Plate, Vanity Box or Scotch Duke; Elvaston Nursery, Dalnaspidal. Lewes, Friday: Lewes Nursery, Grayling IV.; Maiden Nursery, Perimac; Selling Nursery, Gotham. Kempton, Saturday: September Nursery, Wild Melody; Earlsfield Handicap, Merry Spinner; Foal Plate, Adula filly. Doncaster, Tuesday: Champagne Stakes, Javelin or Jingling Geordie; Doncaster Welter, Fireball; Glasgow Nursery, Whimsey; Great Yorkshire Handicap, Mirador.



BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Our Island. Wild editors shall not drag from me the name or precise geographical position of Our Island. Suffice that it lies off an alien but not unfriendly shore, and it is lapped by the bluest of all blue seas. It is a thing of savage beauty, of uplands smelling of heather and wild thyme, of steep and jagged rocks, of curved beaches of the finest yellow sand, of huge, deep pools where bathing is at once a peril and a delirium. Here it is possible to spend days of complete detachment from all that is meant by civilisation. Bathing-costume is more in fashion than the skirts, collars, and cravats of the mainland, and chicken and sausage are consumed in the simple, primitive manner of the Neolithic Age. You can go to sleep for hours, curled up under the lee of a rock; you can practise revolver-shooting, you can play charades from Greek mythology, in costumes made from bathing-towels tied up with tape, and every three hours or thereabouts you plunge into the sea and swim out as far as your confidence permits. In due time, when the tide goes down, leaving the beaches bare and strewn with picturesque boulders, you can wade back to the mainland, across spits of sand and through eddying currents, watching your way warily by buoys and signposts, back to the hotel where civilisation and the clatter of a table-d'hôte dinner await you.

The day has been a dream, and later on, on foggy autumn afternoons in London, it will seem like a fantastic thing—a scene invented by Sir Herbert Tree for stage purposes, one of those mirages, those illusions which we never really grasp.

Fashion and the Sea.

A cycle of burning summers like the sea. The present will make the sea once more in high fashion. For the last few decades the society which is called polite has left the sea—except for yachting purposes—severely alone. The waves and the sands have been relegated, so far as English folk are concerned, to children, governesses, and shop-boys on a holiday. In William de Morgan's novels, which portray life in the 'seventies, all the characters betake themselves in summer-time to English seaside places. It was the era before the German or Bohemian Bad claimed their yearly quota of victims, when it was still an adventure to go to Italy or Spain, when motors were undreamed of. The sea represented all the change, the relaxation which was within the means of the great masses of well-to-do people. Then it fell into disfavour. Travel became cheap and easy. Monster hotels sprang up on every hill in Europe, and the meekest clerk in Lothbury was soon not content unless he had passed through Paris on his summer outing. Meanwhile, the Sea, in its immutable manner, continued to ebb and flow, regarding

less of the kind of folk who played about on its shores. After all, it has seen a good many changes in fashion since primitive Man first launched a canoe on its surface, and it will view with equanimity another ephemeral passion for its green depths.



[Copyright.]

FOR THE PRESENT SEASON: A SHOOTING COSTUME.

The costume is in brown tweed with a dark-blue stripe in it. The facings to the collar and the pocket-flap are of tan suede. The hat is of tweed, lined with blue and trimmed with a black-and-white wing.

The "Entente" in French Hotels.

The cordiality of French people is an unmistakable thing this year. Recent events at Agadir have demonstrated the reality of the English Alliance, and from peasant to peer there is no Frenchman who has not a good word, nowadays, for the once-hated "Anglisch." French lambs—in the shape of young girls—are suffered to play about with lions in the disguise of "Varsity undergraduates. Small French babies are encouraged by their mothers to make sandwiches with "les petits Anglais." Everything that my countrymen and women do in French watering-places this year is considered charming and, if eccentric, *chic*. When the English have a sing-song in the smoke-room, the French come and listen, amused and amazed. Do the Britons play at dumb-crambo—I may mention, in passing, that all the entertainments are got up by my countrymen—our Gallic allies form the bulk of the audience. Only last night I caught a vision of the new Anglomania. The dinner-bell was ringing, and all the French visitors, punctual as usual, were assembled in the courtyard of the hotel, gazing with undisguised admiration at a window on the first floor. Hastening downstairs to see what was an obviously pleasing spectacle, I found that the window framed three small laughing, chubby, curly-haired young Britons in striped pyjamas, backed by a smiling English nurse. They had partaken of milk and bread-and-butter and were quite prepared for bed, while all the French children of the same age were being herded into the dining-room to eat a long dinner accompanied by wine-and-water. Who knows if those chubby English urchins may not set a new and salutary fashion for French children?

Le Capitaine

Kergolay. When I sail over to Our Island in a boat, I am conveyed thither by le Capitaine Kergolay. He has a twinkle, a bowing acquaintance with French literature, and a keg of cider in his locker; so that we discuss the novels of M. Pierre Loti, European politics, and other matters, and drink each other's healths before I land and wave him good-bye. As a matter of fact, he knows M. Pierre Loti well, having served under him on the same ship, and describes the famous novelist as "very thoughtful." My friend Kergolay is bitten, too, with Anglomania, finding that the English have more courage in swimming than the French. He also admires our insular comradeship between men and women, and regrettably admits that it would be impossible among his own people. A bit of a philosopher, and wholly a man of the world, is my friend of the wherry which sails across to Our Island.



[Copyright.]

FINE BIRDS: SOME SPORTING HATS.
We give here some suggestions for sporting hats in felt. The hat at the top is trimmed with two black wings, the middle one with owl's plumage and a black-velvet ribbon, and the lower one with white cock's feathers.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 12.

HOPE.

THE present position of the Stock Exchange markets reminds one rather forcibly of the well-known painting by the late G. F. Watts with the above title. The young lady sits upon an obviously cold stone, with head and shoulders bowed as though in the deepest depression; but the title is "Hope," and that is about all which is left to the House at present. There have been many difficult times before, and times probably worse than those through which we are now passing; but the present seems to be always the most troublesome of all; and, on the principle that it never rains but it pours, the outlook towards the end of last week seemed to grow worse day by day, until scarcely a gleam of confidence was left to illuminate any of the markets.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"I'll go Nap," said Our Stroller, looking at the numbers of pictures of Napoleon which adorned the walls.

"And mine is a black coffee, in one of the tall cups, please," said his broker.

Tea, black coffee, and The radiant smile were at once forthcoming. Two or three other men greeted the broker as he dropped on to the comfortable Chesterfield.

"If we only go on long enough saying that the fall has been overdone, we are sure to come right in the end," proceeded one.

"But surely some things must be getting cheap," urged another.

"Brokers and jobbers are, to begin with," remarked the broker.

"And Home Rails?"

"Give me a thousand pounds, and I'd put half into York Deferred and half into Middy Deferred."

"I've got most of my money in Hope Deferred," and the speaker helped himself to more sugar.

"A very speculative investment," commented one of his friends. "Are you going for a quick turn?"

"I regard it," said its proprietor peacefully, "as somewhat in the nature of a lock-up. You don't get much of a dividend—that's the worst of it."

"My only happy time of the day," declared a third, "is that which I spend in this sequestered nook, where the fiercest rays of the sun are obscured by flowers and all the greyness of life turns pink beneath that picture-hat."

Happily for himself, this was lost on the fair hostess, else would he have been retired neck-and-crop into the hard, unsympathetic street, like poor Josephine to Malmaison.

As it was, the party drifted out, some of them paying, some not.

"We are all bears now," as one of them said as they strolled into Shorter's Court.

"An excellent reason why things ought to be bought! Why, even Kaffirs—hullo, here's Brer Rabbit!"

The gentleman demanded to know what they were all talking about.

"Kaffirs!" said Our Stroller boldly.

"This East Rand affair is a bad business for the Kaffir Circus," and he shook his head sagely.

"Can't understand it at all."

"We've been told in effect that the East Rand is a 40 per cent. proposition with practically unlimited life, and already we have this 30 per cent. business. A nasty bang in the eye for the Kaffir Market, I call it."

"It will leave its trail behind, that's certain. All the same, I'm convinced that the bears have taken advantage of the flatness elsewhere, and raided Kaffirs just at a time when there wasn't likely to be any support."

"In that case, the shares must be worth buying, surely?"

"Doesn't necessarily follow," put in Our Stroller's broker. "The bigger the back, the bigger the fall," you know."

"That's just like all you Stock Exchange men," laughed our friend. "When markets are flat, you see them all lower; when there's a boom on, prices are never going to come down."

"A Daniel come to judgment!" shouted a dealer. "I wish you would enlighten my gross darkness with a little prophetic light upon the subject of Americans."

"Give for the call of Canada and the put of Unions," advised a bystander. "You'd make a lot of money with a kind of double-option like that."

"Sounds a paradox."

"Canadas can take care of themselves, and that's more than you can say of Yankees. They require manipulation to keep them up."

"But after such a long fall—

"I'm only expressing my own opinion, of course; but that's been formed by all I hear about their labour troubles in the States. Dividends have got to come down, simply got to, and then where are you?"

The blind man with the specially heavy walking-stick tapped him on the foot, and he used words more lurid than the matches which he did not take as he dropped coppers into the receptacle provided.

"I can no more see my way in the markets than that man can see his in the streets," admitted the broker.

"Then you're no whatever good, and had better step off this earth with all possible dispatch," said a jobber.

"I don't believe it's right to buy."

"Of course, it's right to buy, unless—"

"Well—"

"You really believe there's any chance of a European war. In that case, sell all you've got and flee to the mountains."

"Why the mountains?"

"Because they're the only things that aren't likely to fall, of course."

"I used to know another man who had water on the brain. He died in rather a queer way."

"Really?"

"Yes. Got killed by bears or trampled to death by bulls—I forgot which. But everybody said it served him jolly well right!"

RUBBER PROSPECTS.

Our correspondent "Q" sends us the following interesting note on some of the principal Rubber shares—

It has been clear for some time past that Rubber shares were approaching a level at which they would deserve the serious attention of investors, and there has been some evidence this week that this position is being realised. Nothing, probably, is more encouraging than the large forward sales of plantation rubber which are being made all over 1912 at prices ranging from 4s. 6d. to 4s. 9d. per lb. I need hardly say that at this price all the leading producers can secure very big profits, and can return from 10 to 15 per cent. on their present market price. Let me take one instance of a cheap share to illustrate my meaning. *Peraks* are quoted, at the time of writing, at 6s. 6d. for the 2s. share. The output of rubber for last year (ended March 31, 1911) was 148,272 lb., which was sold at an average price of 5s. 6½d. per lb., and the net profit for the year was £30,851, which enabled the Directors to pay 30 per cent. for the year, and increase the carry forward to £11,869. The estimated crop for the present year is 200,000 lb., of which 58,323 lb. has been collected in the first four months of the financial year, as against 43,634 lb. in the corresponding months of 1910. At the annual meeting last month, the Chairman pointed out that if this output were sold at an average price of 4s. 8d., the profit would be about £35,000, or 40 per cent. on the issued capital. Approximately half the planted area is now in bearing. As the price of rubber looks like remaining well above the figure mentioned, a dividend of 40 per cent. for the current year is not unlikely, so that the shares can be bought up to 8s. to return 10 per cent. There are many other shares which can now be bought on about the same terms which must be admitted to be attractive; but investors should not be satisfied with less than a return of 8 to 10 per cent., and should see to it that any Company in which they invest has a large proportion of its land yet to come into bearing, so that the increasing crop may compensate for the probable gradual fall in the market price of the raw product.

Among shares which have been mentioned before here and are attractive at their present prices are *Damansara*, *Langkat Sumatra*, *Bukit Rajah*, and *Federated Selangor*.

I ought also to allude to the special attractiveness of the best of the *Tea-cum Rubber* shares, whose merits I have often insisted on, such as *Anglo-Ceylon*, *Ceylon Tea Plantations*, *Eastern Produce*, etc. The *Anglo-Ceylon Company*, it is well to remember, is also a large sugar-producer from its estates in Mauritius, and will make a much larger profit from this source in the current year owing to the great advance in sugar prices. The *Ceylon Tea Plantations Company*, with over 4000 acres planted with rubber, will become one of the largest producers very shortly.

Aug. 30, 1911.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PERPLEXED.—It is hard to advise sales of anything in these miserable markets, but we should exchange at least part of the *Denvers* and *Missouris* for something else which pays a dividend. *Grand Trunks* ought to recover after the heavy liquidation is finished, but here again we should let at least part of the *Ordinary go*. *Mexicans*, we think, are likely to recover further.

W. M.—We have looked up the prospectuses of both the Rubber Companies, and think their prospects too much in the future to make the shares worth buying now. Please read the note by "Q" above. *Lankat Rubber*, *Chota* and *Brich* are also good.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Brighter and
Bolder.

So far as I can gather from letters from friends in Paris, we shall have an autumn of brighter colours and bolder colour-schemes than we have yet enjoyed. I say "enjoyed" advisedly, because, whatever may be the result of colour on the individual, collectively it is always fascinating. Nowadays, among smart crowds, it is usually also becoming. Very few well-bred Britons make mistakes about colour now; if they wanted to, their friends would not allow them! If in the coming months dresses are grey and dull, the trimmings are brilliant in hue, and these will be quite elaborate. A dull lavender soft Vicuna dress, for instance, has on it embroideries in emerald and ruby colourings, with touches of flamingo and of Nile-water green. The pattern, a curious one, including spots and lines and scrolls, is executed in dull linen embroidered on with floss-silk. There is a piece of this work on the sleeves, beginning above the elbow and leaving off before it reaches the wrist. The sleeves of the coming mode will be set in below the shoulder. Continuing embroidered designs on bodices beneath the waistband, in ends down on the skirt, will still be in vogue, but the bands will be shorter. Shot taffetas and marquises will be very much in vogue. In all these the shot effects will be in bright colours.

Lace to the Front. There has never been a time when good lace could be said to be out of fashion. In the autumn, I hear that its place will be first. Lace coats bordered with embroidery will be worn over bright-hued taffetas dresses. The effect will be good and very smart, especially if these lace coats be buttoned down the front with dull buttons matching the taffetas dress. White lace will be used in this way as well as black, but more for evening than for afternoon frocks. Shawls make these coats, but have to be cut to do so—a desecration less deplored in these days than in those of our grandmothers, when a lace shawl was almost as sacred as the Family Bible. Lace, especially the coarser kinds, will be much used as trimming. It is early days as yet to say anything definite about autumn modes; the above hints have been culled from an American friend well in with Parisian modistes, who is going away Far East and wants some smart frocks well up to date for special occasions.

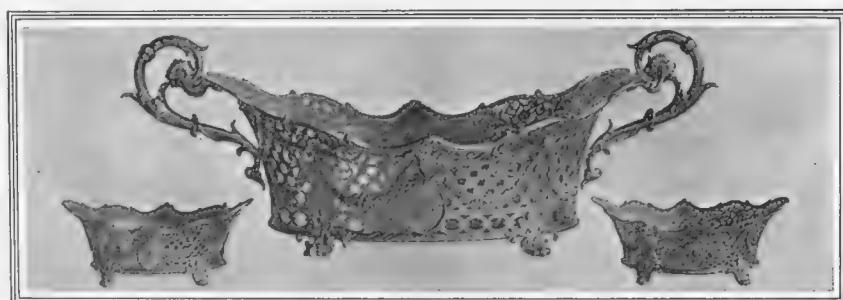


THE THIN END OF THE WEDGE? A MODIFIED REVIVAL OF THE CRINOLINE.

The threatened revival of the crinoline has come at last, and although at present it is only in a modified form, there are rumours that it will increase in girth. The new crinoline is attached to the bottom of an ordinary close-fitting skirt in order to hold out firmly the ruching which is the main novelty. The costume shown in the above photograph is in blue charmeuse, with black-tulle ruchings trimmed with jet.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

their taste is better than ours, and many of the addenda of dress they produce far better than we can. All these things may be overcome if the cleverest English dressmakers will only set



A TRIBUTE TO FEMININE INFLUENCE IN POLITICS: A DESSERT SERVICE PRESENTED TO MRS. DOUGLAS KING IN RECOGNITION OF HER ELECTORAL WORK.

The presentation was made to Mrs. Douglas King by Conservative and Unionist friends in North Norfolk, in recognition of her enthusiastic support in two elections. The dessert service is in solid silver, in the Georgian style, and consists of a large centre oval jardinière, with two side dishes. It was designed and modelled by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd., of 112, Regent Street, W.

not commend him as a pet, if it speaks highly for his intelligence. He is intelligent and loyal and devoted, and is a handsome little chap, with his feathery tail and legs and black-and-tan sleek body, or sable, as the case may be. I have been told that he loses his health in the South, and I have heard this contradicted. That he would lose it in cities I can quite believe, for he is a free, wild, nature-loving little fellow, and would pine, doubtless, for his freedom were it at all restricted.

The Appendicitis Habit. Someone ought to have money for research as to the cause and prevention of appendicitis.

Nursing-homes would oppose it, perhaps, as strenuously as doctors the Insurance Bill, for operations for removing the appendix must form a handsome part of their income. Lord Worsley, the eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Yarborough, and Mr. George Cornwallis-West, son and heir of Colonel Cornwallis-West, are among the most recent victims; but one seldom opens a paper without seeing at least one well-known person down with appendicitis. Doubtless, there are dozens of others for one that is in print. It is painful, expensive, and inconvenient, sometimes fatal; but nothing seems to stop the iniquity of this apparently perfectly unnecessary portion of our organisation.

Parents of young children should recognise that during exceptionally hot weather food that heats the blood should be avoided whenever possible, though, at the same time, one must not reduce the necessary quantity of food that will build up the child's constitution. A food that keeps the blood at an even temperature, and makes the least tax upon the digestion (which, especially during hot weather, in a young child, is at its weakest), and at the same time not only keeps up, but increases its strength, is the food to give it. Horlick's Malted Milk is a food that has a great reputation for this class of work. Mothers who desire further particulars should write to Horlick's Malted Milk Company, Slough, Bucks.



OF THE TYPE WHICH STARTLED BOND STREET: THE NEW CRINOLINE.

A specimen of the reformed crinoline (which is described as having come from Persia by way of Paris, and is variously known as "La Hoop" and the "Great Mogul") made its appearance the other day in Bond Street, where it aroused much curiosity and interest among the passers-by. Other examples were on view at a well-known dressmaker's. The above costume is in white net over pink satin, inset with Milanese lace, the bodice being fitted with an Early Victorian fichu.—[Photo, Illustrations Bureau.]

Sensible and Sweet- NATURED.

There are many fancies and fads about pet dogs, and many of these animals seem, to all but their owner, eminently undesirable. Up here in the North we see a great deal of the Shetland collie, and the more we see him, the better we like him. He is a miniature of the real collie, and is quite as clever with sheep, if not quite so quick, as his bigger cousin; this, however, will

not commend him as a pet, if it speaks highly for his intelligence. He is intelligent and loyal and devoted, and is a handsome little chap, with his feathery tail and legs and black-and-tan sleek body, or sable, as the case may be. I have been told that he loses his health in the South, and I have heard this contradicted. That he would lose it in cities I can quite believe, for he is a free, wild, nature-loving little fellow, and would pine, doubtless, for his freedom were it at all restricted.

THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN.

THOSE of us who are inclined to feel that, as a rule, we have a distinct advantage over the townsman have been forced in the past month or so to realise that there are no rules without exceptions. It may be admitted frankly that through the long weeks following the return of the drought to the land those of us who live in the country have been at a serious disadvantage—a disadvantage which seemed to culminate about the third week of August, when fires due to spontaneous combustion began to spread over commons and heathlands.

It is curious to see how largely the comfort of country life depends upon average seasons, and how very little is needed of a drought, to which the south of Europe is well accustomed, to upset all our calculations and spread trouble on every side. For some weeks after the dry spell had set in farmers refused to admit that it had any bad significance for them. The loss of the hay crop was a small matter; they looked to the corn, and particularly to the wheat, to set the balance on the right side of their books. It was only when the shortage of feed for their stock forced them to send bullocks on to a falling market, and sheep to what proved to be no market at all, that they began to understand how possible it is to have too much of a good thing, even when that good thing is the sun. Forced to keep their stock for lack of a fair market, they found themselves obliged to send all over the countryside for water, because the failure of shallow sources of supply was complete before the middle of August. I have seen straggling processions of primitive water-carts travelling two, three, and even four miles to obtain the supplies that were absolutely called for to water the stock, and in many places it was necessary to send men on these excursions during harvest time.

Even the private resident in the country, the man who, if he keeps a certain amount of live stock, does not depend upon it for income, has been at a serious disadvantage. When you are at some distance from any country town you must depend for water upon your own well or springs. Perhaps you would gladly pay water rates, but nobody will cater for you—you must look after yourself. Such a summer as the one through which we have passed puts every source of supply to a very severe test. You are fortunate indeed if, after more than eight weeks' dry weather, the pumps still respond to pressure. Needless to say, it has long been impossible adequately to water either flower or vegetable garden, or to save the trees in the orchard that show signs of succumbing to the weather. Flowers and vegetables and fruit that can live will be very welcome indeed, but it is quite impossible to give them any

adequate assistance in the struggle for life at a time when the water-supply for the house itself may break down at any moment.

There are other small troubles that have beset the householder in July and August. There may have been a notice from the country laundry to say that it has been compelled to suspend all work until the rain comes; and if you live far enough away from a railway-station, the pleasure of sending the "things" at regular intervals by rail to the nearest large town may easily be exaggerated.

One of the little luxuries of which the countryside knows next to nothing is ice. A few big tradesmen in a far-off country town may keep it; but they have little or none to spare, and in the small towns and villages ice is only seen after winter frosts. In London an iced drink may be purchased for twopence; in the country half-a-crown wouldn't buy one. There is another disadvantage attaching to the absence of ice, which you discover when the wares of the local butcher reach your table. In the winter his meat may be far better than, or at least as good as, any you can buy in London itself; but as he has no refrigerating-chamber, or even a modest ice-house, the meat, even in his own parlance, is "a little fresh." Close investigation may reveal the fact that your mutton was sheep twenty-four hours before it reached your table, and that your beef was bullock.

Do not turn lightly away from the troubles that beset meat-eating and vow that you will be a vegetarian, for in such a summer as we have passed through the supply of vegetables soon runs very short indeed. Directly the gardens call out in vain for water vegetables begin to droop, and if you have any experience of the country you will not be so foolish as to think that the nearest country-town is going to supply any of the deficiencies. It depends entirely upon the locality for its supplies, and lacks what you lack. When there is a glut it has plenty; when there is a shortage it has nothing better than a promise of renewed supplies when they can be obtained.

There are some things of which in a hot summer the country has a better supply than the town. The wasp is one of them. It may be doubted whether there are as many wasps within the four-mile radius as are to be found in the average English village. Our social wasp loves sunshine, heat, the company of his fellows, all sweet things, and fruit that is about to ripen. From none of these quests will he be turned lightly. The nest that the mother wasp establishes by her unaided labours in the early spring holds several thousand children in such a year as this by the time August comes round, and when men tell you that they have destroyed from a dozen to a score of nests in one field the extent of the problem before the man who seeks to remain unstung can be estimated, however faintly. In short, there are at long intervals seasons in which there is something to be said for town life, and the summer now drawing to a close is one of them.

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The "R.S. Pansy."

The "R.S. Rose."

£1000 INSURANCE. See page 268.

CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with A wedding in Wendland Quaint Marriage Customs; Topiary Ingenuity; "When the Revolution Comes"; The Water-Lily; "Dans les Petites Corbeilles"; Artemis; Miss Bessie McCoy; Tout Paris in its "Bath Club"; Unfashionable Paris at the Barrage; Fashionable Paris on the Plage; Mr. H. G. Pelissier as the Baby of "Baby Mine."



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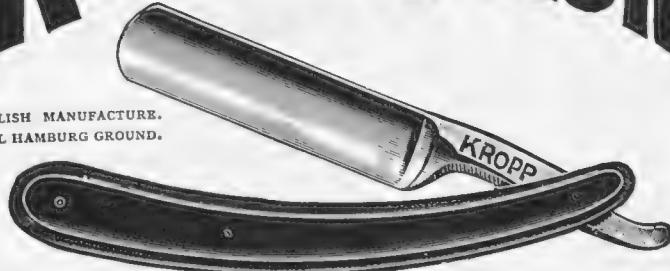
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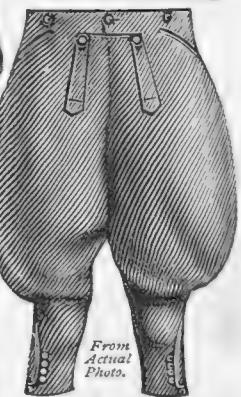
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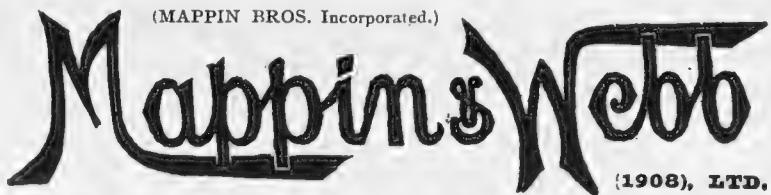
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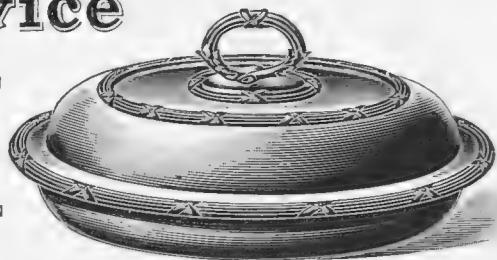
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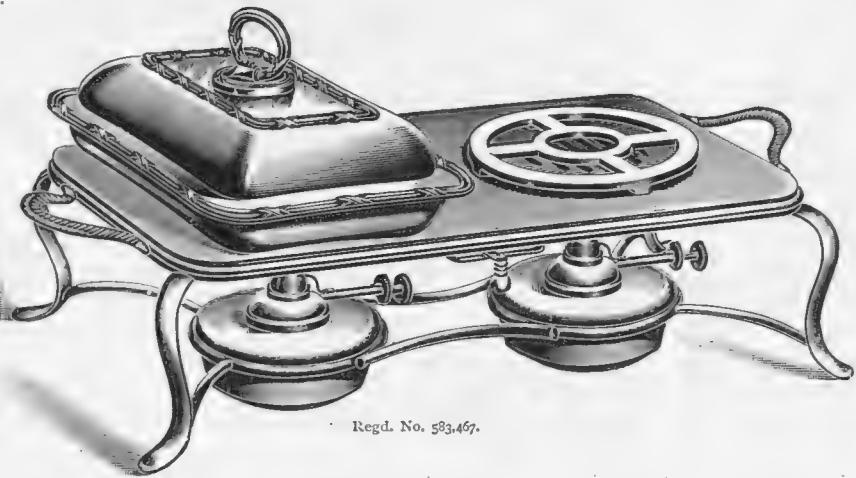


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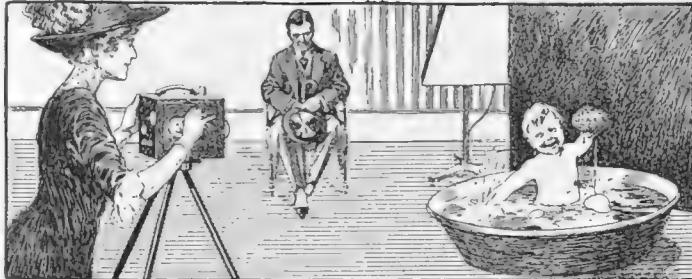
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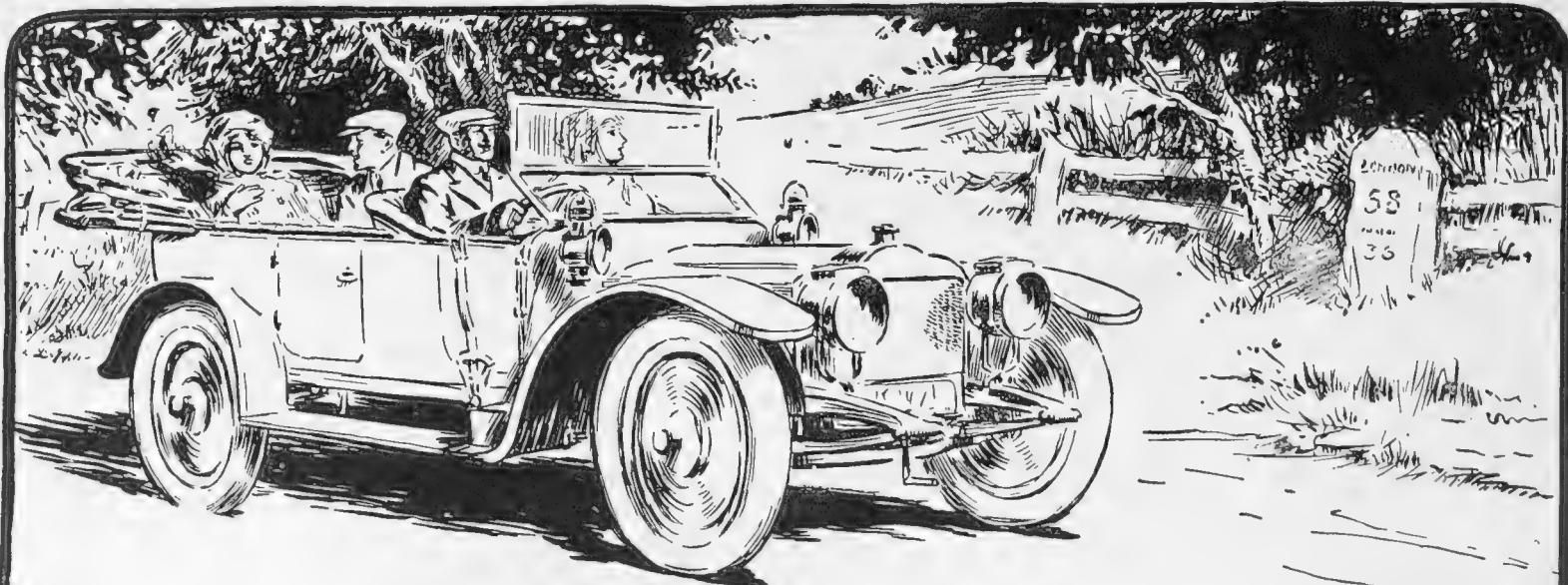
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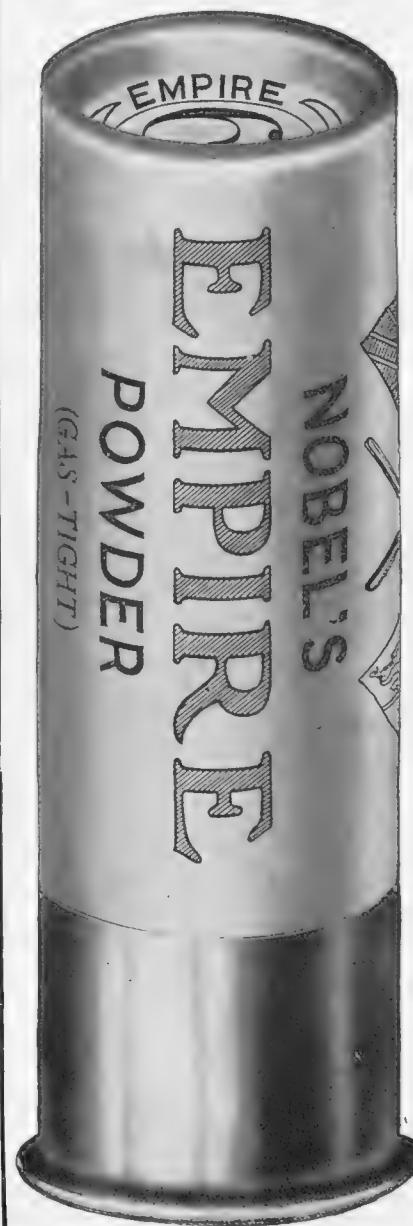
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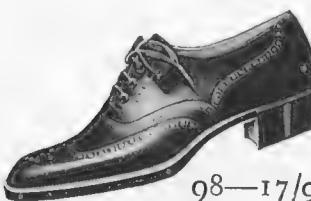
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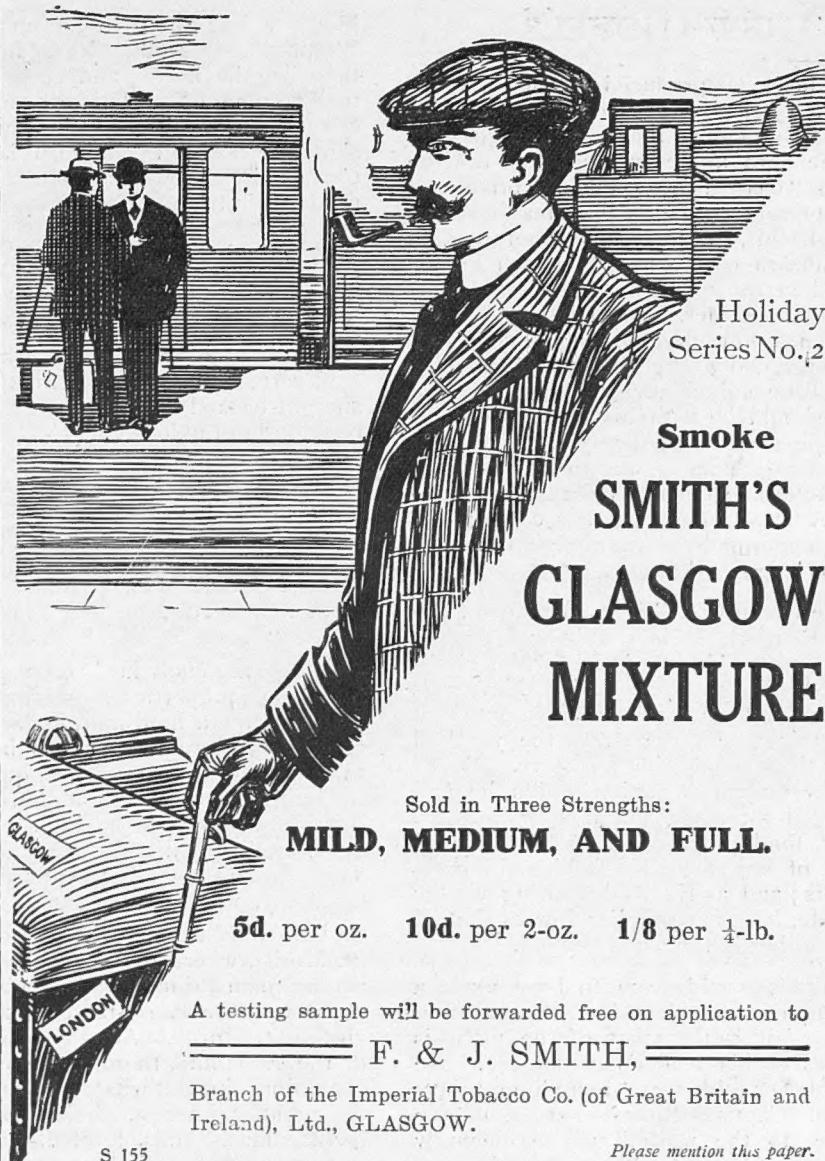
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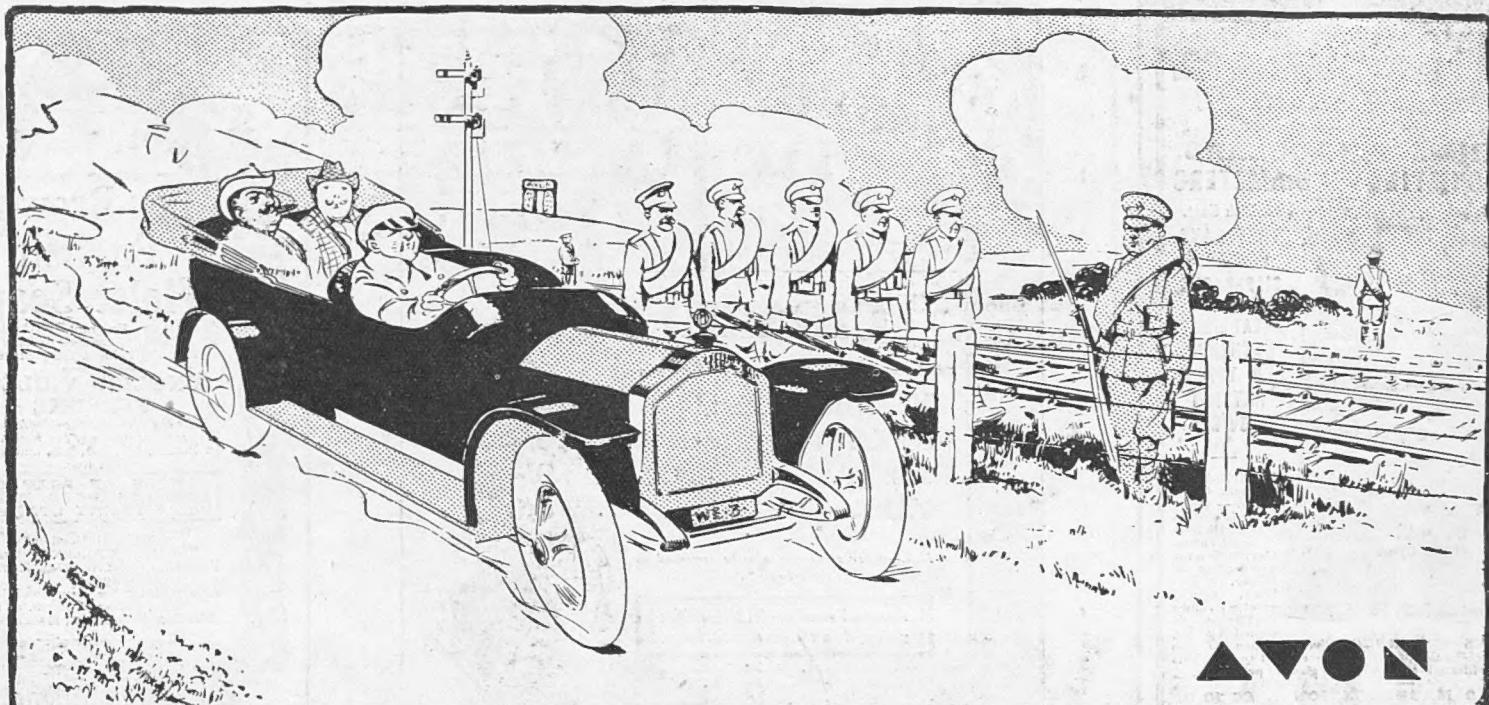
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overwhelming, it is only that presently their favours may descend with greater éclat. Aware of this, on one idle afternoon, it becomes easy to accept the absurd court-martial which brands Herbert Devereux as a coward in the prologue. Dismissed from the Army, turned out of doors by his father, he married his fiancée, who stuck to him and bore him a son in some remote corner of Devonshire. And when the son would avenge his father's honour, it is equally easy to credit the little coincidence that the first job as land-agent which he seeks should be with his grandfather, Sir Francis Devereux. The little episode of love between the villain's daughter and the indignant son is inevitable, and though as much cannot be said for the brigand interlude outside Palermo, that also is of the entertaining class. After an afternoon thus comfortably spent, we may drink our tea confirmed in knowledge of story-books and undisturbed by knowledge of life.

"The Little Green Gate."By STELLA CALLAGHAN.
(*Constable*.)

led into the woods. Through this gate there strays the youthful male stranger, without whom there could be no story. He is already engaged, however, so the mutual attraction which he and Nina experience has to be stifled for reasons of honour and pity. Miss Callaghan is unaffectedly fond of gardens, and writes very charmingly of them; the scents of her sweet, old-fashioned flowers rise like incense round the lovers; and as Nina's despairing victory was fought at her little green gate, it was among her flowers she fell when her lover's steps were lost to her in the wood beyond.

"The Scales of Chance."By CAPTAIN HENRY CURTEIS.
(*Constable*.)

Guards, bankrupt and "broke to the world," as he elegantly explains, adopting the burglar's profession, and finding at his first

Mr. Oppenheim has produced another of those novels which serve very well to pass an idle afternoon. One knows that when the gods act towards the hero in a way which can only be described as "cussed," when they are brutal and overwhelming, it is only that presently their favours may descend with greater éclat. Aware of this, on one idle afternoon, it becomes easy to accept the absurd court-martial which brands Herbert Devereux as a coward in the prologue. Dismissed from the Army, turned out of doors by his father, he married his fiancée, who stuck to him and bore him a son in some remote corner of Devonshire. And when the son would avenge his father's honour, it is equally easy to credit the little coincidence that the first job as land-agent which he seeks should be with his grandfather, Sir Francis Devereux. The little episode of love between the villain's daughter and the indignant son is inevitable, and though as much cannot be said for the brigand interlude outside Palermo, that also is of the entertaining class. After an afternoon thus comfortably spent, we may drink our tea confirmed in knowledge of story-books and undisturbed by knowledge of life.

"The Little Green Gate" is a romance of the met-too-late order. It is simply and prettily told, though of too slight a build for the cloth-bound five-shilling novel. Nina Maynard's garden had at its far end a little green gate that

Captain Curteis would seem to have made a desperate and quite reckless bid for sensation. The worst of it is that part of the price is absolute loss of his reader's confidence. We may have been told more incredible things than this of Captain Rupert Verner, of the Guards, bankrupt and "broke to the world," as he elegantly explains, adopting the burglar's profession, and finding at his first

burglary a household intent on burying a murdered woman in the Woking family vault. Never have we been more incredulous. And therefore the horror and close shaves and the joyful escapes never really come off. There is no doubt that there are some who can tell lies and some who can't. And probably (as the author's signature suggests, he also is a British soldier) Captain Henry Curteis is quite incapable of dealing with anything but the unromantic truth. He thinks it all began with reading "Raffles" and "Arsène Lupin" in the club. It would have been much safer to stick to the *Sporting Times*. Paris, hypnotism, an impressive detective, and a beautiful demi-mondaine are factors in the plot as well as Woking. The bookshelves of Service clubs should really be supervised.

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